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THIS PAPER CONTAINS  
20 PAGES.

# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

FIRST PART  
1 to 8.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES, ETC.

# J. M. HIGH & CO.

# Shoes Shoes Shoes

Our Mr. High has just returned from his second trip to market for this season. We have more attractions to offer this week than at any time during our history. Bargains every day and in every department. Notice the offerings and come to see us.

## CLOAKS!

Last week our Mr. High received a telegram from our New York resident buyer, Mr. B. Davison, that a large cloak house was very much pressed for money, and that they would slaughter their stock, to come immediately and bring \$25,000 with him.

In less than four hours after this message was received Mr. High was en route for New York with the money.

The fruits of this purchase have and are daily arriving.

He got his pick and bought \$45,000 worth of the newest, richest and handsomest Cloaks ever opened in Atlanta at precisely 50 cents on the dollar.

Newmarkets, braided and Plain, Connemaras, Peasants, Modjeskas, Directoires, Jackets and Capes at one-half price.

116 ladies' tailor-made, all wool, perfect fitting Walking Jackets worth regular \$5. For three hours Monday morning 9 to 12 at \$2.49.

Elegant fleece-lined Stockinet Jacket worth \$6.75. Slaughter sale price \$2.97.

Ladies' tailor-made Jackets, London beaver and diagonal cloth, made to retail at \$9.50 for this week's sale \$5.95. Don't fail to see these.

1 lot assorted colors, folded and Directoire front Jackets, plain or braided, worth in any market \$10 to \$12.50. For this sale at \$6.45.

Extra fine Beaver cloth, London coat, with bell sleeves satin facings \$4.90 worth \$12. These prices are for our retail customers only.

Directoire London coat, beaver, melton and diagonal cloths, the best values that can be made, manufactured exclusively for the nice trade. We bought them at 50c on the dollar and they go the same way, \$9.85 worth \$2.00.

363 new Connemaras and Peasants, the latest fads of fashions, the most elegant long wraps in the market, Broadcloths, Kerseys, English worsteds, light weight diagonals with large velvet and plain puff sleeves, gathered and Directoire fronts, from \$10 to \$35 worth from \$20 to \$70.

1 special lot ladies' Newmarkets, in light and medium weight cloths, tailor made, satin facings, \$6.50 worth \$1.30.

Ladies' medium and heavy weight mourning wraps, trimmed with pendants and silk fringes, made with a special view to comfort with elastic adjustable attachment, from \$13.50 to \$27.50 worth double the price.

Modjeskas, black and assorted colors, astral and braid trimmed, extra values at \$1.87 and up.

91 plush Jackets with seal fastenings, worth in any market \$16.50 to be sold at \$10 each. Come quick these will not last.

2,700 children's and misses' Connemaras, Grecian, Havelocks and Peasants, bought in the slaughter sale at 50c on the dollar, to go at prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$27.50.

1,000 ladies' Coaching Capes, Broadcloths, Kerseys and Astrichas, black and assorted colors, astral and pinked, satin lined, made to sell at \$15 to go this week at \$4.98.

## Silks and Dress Goods. AN ELOQUENT BARGAIN IN COLORED DRESS SILKS!

80 pieces Colored Satin de Leon's and Peau de Soi's, magnificent quality, newest styles and the most elegant Silk on the market, dress for a SONG and sold at a SACRIFICE 60 Cents per Yard—All Colors—Worth \$1.50. We are going to sell 50 pieces of these Silks tomorrow. We don't want you to pass this up. It is a real BARGAIN. It is a great time to make such an investment. It requires Tact, Taste and Talent to gather plantains from the public; such a course has made the

## SILK DEPARTMENT.

Of our house the foremost of the South. Elaborate Trimmings to match perfectly each color.

100 Black Dress Silk Coupons bought in New York last week; lengths ranging from 5 to 15 yards.

12 patterns Black Dress Silks, at \$15.50, worth \$27.50.

9 patterns Black Dress Silks, at \$18.75, worth \$21.50.

13 patterns Black Dress Silks, at \$20.50, worth \$23.

7 patterns Black Dress Silks, at \$26.75, worth \$37.50.

8 patterns Black Dress Silks, at \$29, worth \$40.

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J. M. HIGH & CO.

A certain Dry Goods Store in Atlanta advertise that they are the only Dry Goods Store in Atlanta who keep Ziegler Bros. Shoes, and that all others are debarred from selling them. They set themselves up as the agents, as it were, for these shoes. Now, as everybody knows, Messrs. Ziegler Bros. have a big reputation in this part of the country. By a strange coincidence of trade we have come into possession of about \$15,000 worth of Messrs. Ziegler Bros. Shoes. These are no "dust-damaged goods, from retail shelves," but are all fresh and new, opened from original cases, and are not twenty days from the factory. Now we can show you five times as many of Ziegler Bros. Shoes as you will see at the so-called agents'. And as to the prices, oh, my! they are about 50c per pair less than some people paid for the spotless reputation of the name they bear; and in order to style themselves agents, as it were, for these shoes. Now we want you to compare our prices against any and all agents' prices for Ziegler Shoes. We guarantee to save you fully 33 1/3 per cent on Messrs. Ziegler Bros. Shoes. All kinds, all sizes. For Ladies, Misses, Children, and Babies, too.

Ziegler's Ladies' French Kid button, hand sewed, opera heel an oe, hand turn, agents' price \$5; our price, \$3.50.

Ziegler's Ladies' French Kid button Boots, hand sewed, extension soles, patent leather tip, common sense heel with opera toe, agents' price \$5; our price, \$3.50.

Ziegler's Ladies' French Dongola button Boots, hand sewed, hand turned, common sense heel and toe, agents' price \$4; our price, \$2.97.

Ziegler's Ladies' British Dongola button Boots, common sense and opera heel and toe, agents' price \$3.50; our price, \$2.25.

Ziegler's Ladies' Pebble Goat button Boots, common sense and opera heel and toe, agents' price \$2.75; our price, \$1.98.

Ziegler's Ladies' French Dongola Kid Congress, common sense heel, agents' price \$3; our price, \$2.25.

Ziegler's Old Ladies' French Dongola Kid Bals. Shoes, solid comfort, E. and W. last, agents' price \$2.50; our price, \$1.85.

Ziegler's Old Ladies' Pebble Goat Bals., solid comfort, E. and W. last, agents' price \$2.50; our price, \$1.85.

Ziegler's Misses' French Dongola Kid, wedge heel, agents' price \$2.75; our price, \$1.75.

Ziegler's Misses' bright Pebble Goat, button, wedge heel, agents' price \$2.50; our price, \$1.75.

Ladies' French Dongola, button Boot, hand sewed, hand turned, opera heel and toe, arch instep, agents' price \$4; our price, \$3.

J. M. HIGH & CO.,  
46, 48 and 50 Whitehall St.

## KNIT UNDERWEAR

Ladies' winter weight, high neck and long sleeves ever \$2 Swiss jersey ribbed vests 25c.

Ladies' fine white cashmere vests, soft flannel 30c.

Ladies' white marino vests, silk stitching and binding, pearl buttons 30c.

Ladies' superfine Australian wool vests and pants, \$2.

Gents' heavy Scotch gray shirts and drawers 40c each. This is a grand bargain.

Gents' natural wool undyed shirts and drawers, \$2.

Men's fine Australian wool shirts and drawers, drab, London brown and natural wool \$3 suit worth \$4.

## FANCY GOODS

Black hare set, muff and Russian collar \$1.

Lynx sets, black and fawn.

Monkey sets, capes or collars with muffs to match.

Opposum sets, beaver sets, all at bottom price.

Our Mr. Alex Maxwell, who is now in market in the interest of our mammoth Embroidery, Lace, Handkerchief and Glove departments, is expected to return tomorrow. He writes us that he has bought some rare novelties for the holiday trade.

Mr. Maxwell has rare taste and judgment in these specialties, and our lady friends may expect a great treat in our display of new Neck Fixings, Ribbons, Ruchings, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries and Laces.

## GENTS' COLLARS!

4-ply linen, 21 styles, all the latest shapes.

ONE DIME EACH.

This collar is fully up to any 20c collar on the market.

## MENS' AND BOYS' NECKWEAR.

Full line, latest styles at bottom prices.

## SHIRTS

Flannel Shirts, Full Line for Men and Boy's.

In unlandried shirts, we offer the best values ever shown over any counter.

High's Homestead for 50c.

High's Peerless for 45c.

High's Farmer for 75c.

High's Wonder for 51c.

Are incomparably superior to anything ever offered in the market.

## BOYS' FLANNEL WAISTS

New lot, all sizes at lowest prices.

## BLANKET SPECIAL

136 pairs white 10x14 wool Blankets as good as has ever been shown over any appy's counter.

In unlandried shirts, we offer the best values ever shown over any counter.

High's Homestead for 50c.

High's Peerless for 45c.

High's Farmer for 75c.

High's Wonder for 51c.

Are incomparably superior to anything ever offered in the market.

## WINDOW!

Don't fail to see our window display of Ziegler Bros. Shoes. If you want Ziegler Shoes at what the agents pay for them, come to see us this week.

J. M. HIGH & CO.

## HOSIERY.

300 dozen J. M. High & Co.'s own fast black Hose, plain and broad ribbed, guaranteed stainless, 25c.

200 dozen Misses broad and fine ribbed Hose, J. M. High & Co.'s own fast black, every pair warranted, 25c.

120 dozen gent's fast black Sox, seamless, guaranteed stainless or money refunded, 15c.

50 dozen ladies' black silk Hose, 50c pair.

180 dozen ladies' black and unbleached, fleeced lined Hose, full regular made, 25c pairs.

220 dozen ladies' black and solid colored, seamless, all wool Hose, 25c pair.

100 dozen Misses black ribbed, all wool Hose, seamless, all sizes, at 25c pair.

120 dozen gent's all wool seamless Sox, 25c.

75 dozen ladies' fast black Hose, fleeced lined, Onyx dye, warranted stainless, 50c.

60 dozen boy's extra heavy, double heel and toe, and knee Hose, Onyx Dye, warranted stainless, 65c, worth 90c.

75 dozen ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, black and solid colors, double sole, 50c, worth 65c.

## NOTIONS

Purses, all leather, double oxidized clasp, 25c.

## TEN YEARS AGO.

THE MEMORY OF A DAY THAT IS SACRED TO TWO PEOPLE.

The Nighthawk rehearses a Dream That Forms the Most Important Chapter in the Book of Life.

Come close up to me, Brownhead.

Come sit here and hold these pages while I recount the story.

Is it a story, or simply the rehearsal of a dream?

I don't know. You say you don't know? Well, if it be a dream, what will the awakening be when we cross the river?

Ten years! Why, it seems to me that it has not been more than one, and yet, strange to say, it occurs to me that it has been always.

It is so sweet to remember those dear, delicious days in November. Twelve days of the sweetest of all Novembers that ever closed the eyes of Indian summer. You know I used to come to the old plantation home, on first one pretext or another, on weak days, and on Sundays—well, I was always there.

It tickles me now when I think with what perturbation I used to dismount and the Black Pompey's halter. In the iron ring fastened to the iron oak tree, I was all the time wondering if you were at the window, and sometimes you were—were we peeping through a chink in the window, all the time wondering if it was me or some of those other fellows.

"Ah, how I hated 'those other fellows!' You see, I didn't know then that you were dead gone on me, and you didn't more than half believe it when I told you, and when far it must have been for disinterested folks to watch our curious maneuvers.

Then came that beautiful day, the Sunday before the wedding. That was the first time that you ever did treat me real nice.

He remembered just as well the soft blue sky, the rustling leaves, the fragrance of the autumn wind among the trees. I remember the oak fire in the big, broad fireplace, and the blue smoke curling upwards.

And I remember how your father, the good, gray-haired old man, and the girls all left us all to enjoy the day as suited us best.

Butch, Brownhead, do you recall that glorious night?

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

We haven't time to be sentimental now, but we will remember that day to keep it holy. It will be just ten years, next Wednesday, since that auspicious day. It will be just ten winters, just ten winters, since we stood beneath the old apple tree, do you remember?

It was a fancy of ours to be married thus, out beneath the beautiful blue sky, which was one solid rainbow from where the sunset lay dying, low down the golden west, clear up to the very eye of the orient, where blazed in unclouded splendor the sun of day.

I remember just how you looked, and every time I see those white chrysanthemums blooming it recalls to me that blessed night. A cluster of those snowy blossoms nestled in your sunny brown hair, and your eyes were bright as stars.

Do you remember how Preacher Bitch placed his hands on our heads and uttered a blessing? He loved us both, and I believe that the words that he murmured went straight up to Heaven.

But did not other people, that great, joyful-looking things that had come down the wedding, didn't they have a good time? They got ahead of us that night. They filled those long tables and kept the cooks and waiters running to and fro for several hours.

We didn't eat much supper. The fact is we were the targets for all the guests. Many looked at us and did not eat at all.

And when they filled up my plate with all sorts of tempting things, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, I left the table with the drumstick of a turkey in one hand and a piece of sponge cake in the other.

It is all very nice to stand up and promise to love, and serve a good, nice, young woman to the best of your knowledge and belief, so help you God; but it is likely to rattle the most audacious cuss in the world settlement when you bring him to the scratch.

And so it passed and the hawthorns blossomed, and we planted corn and beans, and cabbages and turnips, and set our house.

Those were rare old days. And how we did put on airs! It is funny to think of it all now.

Then came our first baby. That changed the whole current of our lives. We killed the pet pig, sold the pet chickens, and didn't care a cent about it.

After she came we had a lot of cutting up. Her grandparents, her uncles, and her cousins, and her aunts, all passed upon her looks, and her weight, and her chances of outliving the other.

She is a schoolgirl now, but when we think of her it will always be as our blue-eyed baby. Others have come since then. There is our schoolboy that you think so much of, and, really, I think he is a passable chap, myself, but I don't want to spoil him by any demonstration.

Then our little black boy, who bosses the place, and our baby, Curiyish, with the light of another world still shining in the depths of her violet eyes.

They have all come, and I guess we love them all alike; but that first one was a treasure, and the last got the dreams of the most worthless miser ever handled, with polished fingers, the gold in his coffers.

Clouds came upon us. The little home passed into the hands of another. We left the land of our nativity and wandered away.

Our brave heart that sustained me in those trying days, the right of your loving eyes that shone when the shadows thickest lay. It was the tender tones of your gentle voice that nerv'd my arm when troubles came like wildest storms of winter.

And even now as I sit here and rehearse the dreams of life, a score of varying years, it is your dear presence that cheers and strengthens me in my hardest forms of toll, trial and temptation.

Remember, now, next Wednesday is our Thanksgiving day. And we are to have a regular joint meeting that day. We must not go trying to get you young creatures again and give the children a chance to look at us, and do well. I guess we can sit up on the back porch and make love for half an hour, and they won't miss us. I will if you will; but don't you fool me like you used to, Ten Years Ago.

M. M. F.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOR EVER."

My Yesterday! Kosily the north wind blows.

The mist and the rain before it.

The day was dark, but we never knew.

For what cared we for the clouds or shine?

For what of wind and weather,

We touched our lips to the godly own wine,

As doves, their white wings unfolding

When as of roses and withered leaves

Are all that my hands are holding?

I have a heart, but the rain and all.

The mist to white and drooping.

Would wrap me around as the shroud and pall

And hide me, for I am weary.

And what do I find today? Ah, God!

A glory of autumn which abhors.

A golden rod on the heather.

But what do I care that the morn and eve

Are doves, their white wings unfolding

When as of roses and withered leaves

Are all that my hands are holding?

I have a heart, but the rain and all.

The mist to white and drooping.

Would wrap me around as the shroud and pall

And hide me, for I am weary.

—VIVIAN CASTAN

1889

## FATE OF A GLASS EATER.

He Could Digest Bottles and Lamp Chimneys, but Drew the Line at Bullets.

From the Vicksburg Commercial Herald.

Mackey Homes, described by persons who have tried him, as being a typical black American, was killed last Monday at Sweetwater, Washington county, in a brawl brought about, it is said, by the jealousy of a local merchant, whose customers were being attracted from his store by an exhibit of Holmes' peculiar glass-eating, which claimed a mark in his ability to swallow with impunity or pleasure articles that would be dangerous or repulsive to an ordinary stomach.

In the scuffle Holmes received a fatal shot from some unknown person, and the steamer Sunbeam, on her down trip, brought his body to Mr. Henry L. May's station, where he was interred, for interment, since his family

resided there.

Holmes' appetite for tacks and other pointed hardware was remarkable; but he did not upon anything it was soda water bottles, at the time of his death, he was away from glasses and had well developed teeth for whisky. Upon occasions, and for a reasonable sum made up by a crowd, he repeatedly ate raw chickens, beginning on the unhappy fowls while they were still alive.

At one town in Delta, for he was in the habit of going from town to place developing his appetite, he was invited to a house where he was drinking two gallons of water as fast as it could be dipped out and handed to him. It must be told, however, he did this to win a bet of a pint of whisky. In the same town, after eating a live chicken, he announced that on the following day he would eat what would consist of a whole hog, especially if that was a family object on the streets.

The gorge of the community rose at this and Holmes was ordered to leave the town at once. It does not appear that he had any aversion to ordinary food, but rather that he used the trifling articles already mentioned as other and ordinary sum pepper and fiery sauces, solely as a diversion.

Recently a circus offered him \$50 per week to travel with it, but he indignantly rejected the offer when he learned that to earn the money he must subordinate his will and pleasure to that of the manager.

There is no record of the fact that he practiced no slight-of-hand tricks on his audiences, but actually crushed with his teeth and then swallowed glass and other hard substances. This man will be remembered by many in Vicksburg, as he was on exhibition at the old Peope's Theatre for some time.

## A GIRL HORSE RACER.

One of Virginia's Daughters the Recipient of a Compliment.

From the Washington Star.

A pretty incident at the Ivy City races of last week is being told among the gentlewomen riders at their clubs. It recalls the romantic days of the period before the war, when the southern chivalry was supreme in the affairs of the world. The story is idyllic. After Modoc had made his famous victory and won the silver cup that was worth \$100 and golden opinions worth \$1000, he was invited to a dinner given in his honor by the gentlemen riders, members of the Dunblane Club and others, to meet the owner of the winner, who is no other than Miss Carter, of the illustrious house of the Carters, of Virginia. Her home is in Warrenton, Va.

Miss Carter consented to meet some of the gentlemen at the club, and the two were seated at a table, the two ladies, the two gentlemen.

The two ladies were seated at a table, the two gentlemen.

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.

## The Great Success

of the genuine Imported Johann Hoff's Malt Extract as a tonic nutritive, has caused a crowd of fraudulent imitators to come into the market. Beware of them! The genuine has the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle. Eisner & Mendelson, Co., agents, 6 Broadway, New York.

It is all very nice to stand up and promise to love, and serve a good, nice, young woman to the best of your knowledge and belief, so help you God; but it is likely to rattle the most audacious cuss in the world settlement when you bring him to the scratch.

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## WITH THE MAGAZINISTS.

CREOLE AND PURITAN, DELEON'S RACE STORY.

The Rich Own the United States—Is Divorce Wrong?—Atkinson on Cooking—Literary New York.

Mr. T. C. DeLeon, who attracted public notice a year ago on "The Rock or the Rye," a clever parody on "The Quick or the Dead," has written in his latest story, "Creole and Puritan," a powerful description of a horse race, a description which the critics say has not been equalled since Lew Wallace wrote the chariot race in Ben Hur. This, the best piece of work in the story, is given on the magazine page today.

Thomas G. Shearman's statistics are calculated to wake up those comfortably conservative people who are in the habit of believing that God takes care of fools and the United States. It would seem that from what Mr. Shearman says that God expects the United States to set some value on the privilege of self protection.

Some variegated views of Ingersoll and the preachers on the question, "Is divorce wrong?" are presented.

## Creole and Puritan.

T. C. DeLeon in Lippincott's Magazine. Mr. DeLeon's story has a complicated plot, and a synopsis would not do justice.

Everett is a typical Puritan; Latour is a typical Creole. The two form a close friendship at West Point and both fall in love with the same girl, Bennie Stanish, who suddenly surprises her lovers by marrying a middle-aged Louisiana planter, Edith Von der Huy sen, Bennie's most intimate friend, plays an unpleasant part in this episode. She cherishes a secret passion for Latour, but marries an English nobleman.

The author adroitly passes over the war, and resumes his story at the close of the great conflict. General Everett is with the federals at New Orleans, and General Latour, the ex-confederate, is in the city so well disguised that even his best friends do not recognize him.

The opening of the carnival is brilliantly described. One of the most exciting features of the holiday season is the race. England, France and Germany are represented, but until the very last moment no volunteer rider appears to represent the United States. Finally, General Everett, after consulting with his commanding officer, enters the race.

Twenty seconds more of dead silence; then people began to turn their eyes from the judges' stand. It was evident that the rumors of an American champion were false. Creoles in the stands and on the streets glanced one another with meaning smiles; and more than one paroled confederate muttered a curse that he had no country to ride for.

Brilliant eyes flashed amused glances, under long lashes, at the general's box, where his brilliant knot of ribbons fluttered and gay; and the owners, clutching the colors that their parsous, turned their escorts with that pretty little moan that only the Creole woman can make.

All this for twenty seconds—time enough, with opportunity, to win a woman, or lose a world!

Then a clear, sonorous voice, like the order to charge, rang out:

"Here!"

Round the stand, to front the judges, rode a lithe, erect figure, in white shell jacket, blue breeches and red sash—a blue cap, and riding boots fitting like gloves, and seemingly as light, completing the dress.

The horse had galloped with light hand, at a black, with no white hair visible, his coat shining like satin in the sun and his small head tossing continually, as though scorching the contest and eager to begin it. Rather long-horned for absolute beauty, his sixteen-hand height was enhanced by flatness of forearm; the lowered, elastic neck; his head, his depth of chest and long, thin tail, told of power and stay equal to the intelligence denoted by breadth through the eyes.

There was dead silence on the crowd. The Creoles, the Dieglos, even the Germans and English, who had so applauded the knightly, and almost sympathetic with the unknown, federal soldier, were with the fling of a hand, for what he was champion.

As the rider first appeared, a tall Pierrot, standing near the gate, had swung his hands together to start applause.

"Bah!" growled a scurvy Sicilian near him. "You are French from your dress. Why would you cross the yankee?"

"Canalic!" answered the Pierrot, "have you eyes? Cannot you see that he is a man and a rider?"

Just then the rider spoke a name that had penetrated confederate lines, many a time, with echoes of gallantry in fight and gentle humor.

"Here!" he cried, in calm, ringing voice that dominated the ear of the crowd. "I, Dale Everett, commanding the first brigade, army of the Mississippi, accept this challenge in all its conditions, and ride for the United States!"

As he spoke the name so well known, the crowd, which had overcame popular prejudice, and ere he finished, roared and rattled from the stands, only to be sent back from the thronged stretch. Twice it fled away, then swelled out louder than before, and the motion of Colonel Campbell's lips was all the acceptance Everett received.

With a sharp quick word and scarcely-tightened grip on the bit, Dale touched the spur to Jonathan and rushed ahead, to reach the water even with the Frenchman and the white mare. Gaining on them at every bound of the now thirty yards—twenty yards—only, between the white's nose and the water, the Frenchman lapping her flank, and the black three lengths behind.

With a wild, uncanny cry, something between a prayer and a malediction, La Vega raised the gallant little mare to the leap. Rising high, she leaped over the water, and she landed so perilously close to the black that her body crumpled under the heels of those that sprang it into the water—only the impetus of her rush keeping her steady.

As the white mare landed from her leap, De Chavirac—he teeth set, his eyes glinting with a wild, unprepared, for his old foes brought a deeper light, and his eyes glowed with a deeper light.

As Everett moved quickly past, the Pierrot stood at attention and quietly gave the officers' salute. Poss, signed and gesture were the same as his old ones, but the familiar war-cry of his old foes brought a deeper light, and his eyes glowed with a deeper light.

The terrible truth was flashed into his brain, even before he dashed the confirmation. The fierce tug of the bit, the sharp crack, and snapped the right lever of the bit; the heavy right hand was suddenly released, and the whole power of the pull thrown upon the left, just as the grand horse gathered for the spring. Spring half round, he pawed wildly in air—then, unable to recover, he rolled over and fell heavily on his side, sprawled across the ditch.

From the stands, and partly from the track, the full horror of the accident was seen—though its cause was not before the spray of the water had sent him back into the ditch. Women turned away their heads, and a wild, terror-filled yell of warning went out from a thousand throats.

But what could do then?

What need, indeed, of warning the man who had so often ridden calmly in the race of death?

The Hodges, on his blood now afire, his terrible hoofs not five yards away, almost already trampling prostrate man and beast—now, faster, thundered the massive black!

And, checking him neither by word nor bit—no, urging him hotly with voice and spur—his rider was one blind to the dread mischance before him.

"Now, boy! Up, boy! Up!"

The bold, cheery cry rings out above the tramp of hoof and shout of maddened men. Clear and strong it floats back to them with message of cheer. And with the words the firm hands steady the mare, the litho body swings back in the saddle, and as it always goes forward both sprays go cruelly home.

Up goes the gallant horse, five feet before the leap is reached—up into a tremendous bound that straightens beautifully and sends him—prostrate horse and rider—well beyond the water. He clears the leap gallantly, but

he lands in the very tracks of the Mexican.

The heavy hoof beats are well upon that treacherous brink, but the pounds catch slips beneath them—once!

The horse has done his best. Now for the man's turn! Again that quick intuition, called upon sure agility, here only in the training of the cavalry school; and even as the horse's forefoot struck the bank Dale Everett cast loose his stirrups and braced himself lightly to the left.

As Jonathan's hind-foot touched, his man's hand held strongly on his neck, and rushed down the home again, closely followed by the Mexican led stirrups. Everett, and De Chavirac, had his stirrups in mid-track, Hoyne-Cecil at the fence, and the German close behind him, outside. So they sped by the stand, going evenly. Colonel Campbell gave the word, the drum tapped, and they were off.

Turned near the distance flag as evenly as a parade, the five soldiers gave head and rushed down the home again, closely followed by the Mexican led stirrups. Everett, and De Chavirac, had his stirrups in mid-track, Hoyne-Cecil at the fence, and the German close behind him, outside. So they sped by the stand, going evenly. Colonel Campbell gave the word, the drum tapped, and they were off.

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## Cherokee Indians in Georgia.

BY BELLE K. ABBOTT.

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CHAPTER III.

Although the Cherokee have been gone from Georgia only a half century they have left no lasting trace behind them, except in the names with which they christened their beautiful rivers, mountains and valleys. Some of these names I am sorry to say have been anglicized, and the pure Indian corrupted, but still enough remains to indicate their origin, and is a legacy to the ethnology of Georgia which should be cherished and kept from spoliation. The Indians often gave names to an object with some poetic or tragic significance underlying it. What region in the world can produce sweeter sounding names for its rivers than those which flow so peacefully today through the now forgotten Cherokee nation. Chicamanga (river of death), Armuchee, Connaugah, Chattooga, Coosawattee, (gold creek place), Talullah (terrible), Coosa, Toccoa (beautiful), Unifah, Gume-ke-ka-wa-ah, and Chatahoochee. Chatahoochee (clear water), Eu-ko-a-na-na, Elias (green earth), Tacos, Toogla, Etowah, Hiwassee, Uhnta, Gumeketka, Stekaos, Chatostate (clear water), Eukela-na-na, Tacos Ostewala (rock ledge), Sequa (hog), Coosa (water), (old town), Amicalola (tumultuous water), (old town), Saloosa (corn maker), Oothoo-large shape of a gun), Ulo-fa-hatchee, Notay Tesanteen, and others.

Some of the important creeks having Indian names are: Peavine, Nickajack, Mud creek, Aquilla, Wite Path, Tiger Tails, Talking Rock, Fuscous, Chuston (rabbit face), Yalooch, Trout, Soap, Fish, Queen's, Running Waters, Sweet Waier (Amargasta), Scared Corn. The water falls of To-



BLOCK HOUSE, OLD FORT ELIZABETHON, CHEROKEE COUNTY, AS REBUILT FROM ORIGINAL MATERIAL.

coa, Estatoah, Stekaos, are very picturesque and beautiful, while Talullah is an ever growing wonder, and will some day be the objective point of many a south-bound, wonder-seeking tourist.

The valleys of War-Woman, Nacoochee, Hiwassee, Rabun Gap, Cohutta, Yunn, Sugar, Mission Ridge and Ridge's are remarkable for their beautiful surroundings and fertility of soil, and bear the names of some of the Indian heroes, heroines, long lost to the memory of Georgia. Among the many beautiful mountains which make this region so picturesque, Lost, Currahee, Skits, Yonah, Tray, Screamer, Talullah, Sweet Brushy, Blood, Karte, Kelenuk, Chattooga, Chu-que-tah, Cohutta, Kennesaw, Sawnee, Taylor Ridge, Pigeon, and Lookout, among some of the most historic. Many beautiful legends are told in connection with the histories of these mountains, rivers, valleys and creeks, but which cannot be retold in this sketch.

Mounds and fortifications abound in this region, and a pile of gray stones which the tradition says pertain both to the Cherokee and to a pre-historic tribe, which the Cherokee dispossessed. Out of these mounds from time to time numerous relics have been taken, many of which would have been of great value to the historical collections of our state, but have been ruthlessly destroyed through ignorance of a few things learned and unlearned now, which tell the story of the former Indian occupancy of the country.

In order to supplement the meager accounts which history gives us of the Georgia Cherokees, I have sought diligently for facts concerning them among the few remaining octogenarians, whose lives in their middle, and can yet tell of their acquaintance and intercourse with these people. Many of the Indians were

## SLAVE-HOLDERS,

and were humane and indulgent masters. Indeed, it is asserted that it was hard to tell which was more cruel, which sin so great was that of their discipline on the slaves. Major Ridge, John Ross, Elias Brudenot, Judge Jack Martin, John Bell, were among the prominent slaveholders, and they removed their slaves with them to the new territory. Old Jack Still, an Indian, who lived near Carrollton (on the Campbell Wallace place) owned slaves. As soon as the time of his removal was decided, he with many others quietly packed his household, negroes and all, and made their exodus without the aid of government paynights. One of Jack Still's houses is still standing, and is used by Mr. Wallace as a sheep corral.

## JACK STILL'S FARM.

When the Indians were ready for a general removal, they were taken from their respective camps to some convenient point on the Tennessee river. Those from Fort Buffington, in now Cherokee county, Fort Embey at Dantonega, and from Talona in Pickens county were sent to Charleston on the little Tennessee river.

Others were taken direct to Ross Landing, now Chattanooga, and others to Gunters Landing in north Alabama. The boats of transportation were open flatboats, or barges. At that time, but one steamboat had gone as high up the Tennessee river as Charleston. The government paid the Indians \$10 per acre



INDIAN HUT ON OLD JACK HILL PLACE, GANTTON, GA., NOW MR. CAMPBELL WALKACE'S SHEEP FOLD.

for cleared land, \$40 for every cabin, \$10 for every peach tree, and \$5 for every apple tree. They paid them in government script, which was redeemed at Ross Landing when they all reached that point. The Indians were in camp, many traders bought on the strip at nominal prices, and thus made large sums of money by their unjust speculation. An old trader told me that when the Indians were captured and taken to New Echota, some of them owned four or five hundred dollars. These were in government script, dollar for dollar, and he never lost a cent. Elias Brudenot collected it all for him without charge. On another occasion an Indian walked twenty miles to pay him twenty cents, balance due him on an account. The Indians were noted for paying their debts and keeping their debts generally.

The essential part of the outfit provided by the government for the long journey was a blanket given to every Indian, big and little. In many families where there were several children, the supply of blankets was more than needed, these owners could sell if they so chose. Such blankets have never before or since been seen in north Georgia.

## THEIR HOUSES.

The Indians for the most part lived in rude four-poster houses, with large, open-mouthed stick and dirt chimneys. Some had beds rudely constructed; those who had them slept principally upon deer skins. They had also what they called "hot houses," a sort of human oven, made to keep them warm in during the extreme cold weather. These houses were formed by erecting logs in conical form, and then daubing them up with very apex heavily with mud. There was but one entrance to these houses, that was a hole in the ground and only large enough for a man

to crawl through. A gentleman told me that he had often passed upon the trail, and at the sight of a white, that they would dart back into their ovens and hide out of sight. Once he went into one of these houses himself. He found only about a bushel of live coals heaped together in the middle, but the place was almost unheated, so hot would cover these coals with ash, when they would go out and thus keep fire alive a long time.

"CONNA HA-NY."

The Cherokee staple of diet was a coarse kind of hominy. This was made of Indian corn beaten in a wooden mortar by a stone pestle. These mortars, or huge bowls, were two feet or more in circumference, were made by boiling out a bushel of hard wood, poplar or hickory, and then rubbing the inside smooth with stone polishers. This hominy was boiled and seasoned with salt and sometimes lye, and was usually eaten with wooden spoons from the vessel in which it was made.

The pot of "conna ha ny" was always ready, and at meal time it was placed in the middle of the wigwam and the household in turn helped themselves to a spoonful. If a stranger declined to join in this simple repast, he was invited to partake of it very freely. And it is said in many of the towns, that was invited to a dip into this family dish, if he chose. They had also compounds of corn and beans beaten together, one so shaped that they called it "dog head" in English, and another which they called "broad sword," from its peculiar mould.

These compounds they wrapped in folder and boiled before using. Their mode of dry-feeding was not known to the Indians of the country, made a most delicious meat. The Indians were very small eaters and had very sound white teeth. They were fond of fish and frogs, as well as the turkey and deer. There had a very ingenious way of killing the fish in the rivers, and the Indians had "pounds" of rock-walled inclosures, covering an area of water sometimes two or three hundred feet in circumference, into which the fish would be drifted by overflows or driven in at low water by the Indians going in and agitating the stream, and then the Indians, in their canoes, would catch them as they swam to the top and be readily caught. They greatly enjoyed the chestnuts, hickory nuts, etc., with which their fine forests abounded, and one reason, it is said, why they burnt the woods every autumn was to better obtain the immense crop of nuts which covered the ground.

CLOTHING, FAPOOS, ETC.

The women generally wore cotton cloth or cotton dresses, cut in a simple style, in front, but the waist was always supplemented with a cape, which they seldom left off. They were great admirers of red and blue calico, and bought it at 57¢ per cent by weight whenever they could get it. The men wore long hunting shirts (as they are called), hanging almost to the feet and belted at the waist. The garments were made of buckskin. Some of them wore buckskin trousers and leggings. Most all were moccasins, called "pilly pikers," and which were often beaded richly, after the long known Indian fashion. They often wore buckles on their moccasins made of silver, with which they fine forests abounded, and one reason, it is said, why they burnt the woods every autumn was to better obtain the immense crop of nuts which covered the ground.

By sending \$1.75 to them you will receive THE YOUTH'S COMPANION regularly once a week during the year 1890. You can then join these wonderful excursions, which are under the personal charge of famous and experienced men, and fully illustrated in the paper.

This week, in imagination you cross the Atlantic in company with Captain Kennedy, on the White Star Steamship *Germanic*, and enjoy all that he has to reveal; next week you travel into the very heart of Africa with Commander Cameron and search for Stanley; you go to Burmah and help to purchase Barnum's White Elephant; you reach the East Indies in time to be shaken by the great Earthquake of August, 1883; you go to Rome and see a Pope elected; you live for a day in a Lighthouse on the Massachusetts coast; you take an economical Bicycle Tour through Europe; you go to Ireland and your head grows dizzy as you climb the Skelligs; you visit Sampa; you sail the German Ocean, and feel the hardships of the North Sea fishermen, as you witness their wild life, and you enjoy a day's rough adventure in a Canadian Lumber Camp.

A year hence, your journeys over, you will know more of the world, your vision will be broader, your interests larger, and your mind full of pleasant memories and valuable ideas.

Will you not join these excursions by sending a year's subscription (\$1.75) to the Publishers. *Write for the Prospectus, containing full particulars.*

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. nono-top col n m

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Showing the arrival and departure of all trains from this city—Central Time.

ARRIVE. DEPART.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA.

No. 8, fast express from Atlanta to Macon, Savannah and Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 14, for Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 15, accommodation from Atlanta to Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 17, special accommodation from Atlanta to Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 18, special accommodation from Atlanta to Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 19, accommodation from Atlanta to Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 20, express from Atlanta to Macon, 7:00 am.

No. 4, fast express from Atlanta to Macon, 7:00 am.

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No. 74, express from Atlanta

MARK THE MOUNDS  
WHERE THE CONFEDERATE DEAD  
WERE BURIED.

The People of the North Are Entertaining Better Feelings for the South—An Appeal for Money to Clean and Mark the Graves. What is the matter now? How came Campbell to beat Foraker? Some say that it was because Mr. Cleveland's tariff reform policy has at last taken hold of the people. He has sown the seed and it is just beginning to sprout. Some say it was the Sunday law, some say it was Campbell's personal popularity and magnetism; some say one thing and some another, but I have not seen anywhere that the south had anything to do with it. I was in hopes that these great victories indicated a better feeling towards us, for we want peace more than anything. Our northern neighbors are curious people. They are all about in spots like the measles. I got a Sandbury paper the other day that gave me great hope and encouragement. The editor printed the names of all the confederate dead on Johnson's Island and gave their rank and regiment, and made a plate and showed their numbers so that every grave could be identified, and he wrote such kind, friendly words about them and told how some good people went every year and placed flowers on their graves and how the headboards were fast going to decay and soon, very soon, their identity would be lost unless their southern friends took the matter in hand and had headboards made. There was not a word about treason or traitors or rebellion and so we rejoiced that the war was over in Sandusky.

But the next day I received another paper from Allegheny City that told how Post No. 88, G. A. had announced the Second Maryland regiment for marching on the battlefield of Gettysburg where their comrades are buried, and they entered their solemn protest against this treatment and denounced the intrusion of traitors into the sacred ground.

And they asked Governor Beaver to have said monument removed—what kind of people are they that you reckon—what ought to be done with them—would it do any good to pray for them, or would it be any harm to curse them out in a righteous sort-of-way? I think I could not have been more shocked. Then I had to go to the old Bible to learn and even the apostles some times shock the dust of their feet when they left a mean, malicious people who were past praying for. I believe that Gettysburg is the only battlefield on northern soil where they have to leave out the names of the dead, and there are thousands of graves on southern soil where we buried their dead, and their soldiers did stay to see it done, either. The valley of Virginia is full of them. But old Father Time will settle it down about right after awhile. Now let us all shake hands with Sandusky and fix up the graves on Johnson's Island. There is only one way to do it, and that is to bury all the names of the dead in the ground. And then we can get the marble for three cents a letter; so we are all right. If any more money is sent to us we will give it to Johnson's Island.

And now we ask the press to publish the list of names that appears upon the boards at Fredericksburg without company or regiment so that we can have them correctly chiseled upon the marble. The boys who buried them didn't have time to put anything but the names of the following soldiers:

Capt. L. Munch, J. S. Langford, Geo. M. Dickens, J. J. Godfrey, C. White, A. J. Reams, St. F. Byrd, M. Simons, James Edmondson, J. D. Carter, Canden Thompson, J. R. O'Neill, John Kilpatrick, J. E. Lyde, W. B. Brown, J. Hendree, J. B. Hopkins, J. F. Waiters, Thomas McLane, V. M. Cole, J. C. Johnson, Captain J. H. Mitchel, W. S. Moran, L. H. Upshur, Asa Far, V. H. Graves, John W. Danier, George A. Good, J. B. W. Callaway, G. Harmon, W. D. Adlington, C. F. Moore, Captain W. H. Ames, Jr. W. Rausert, R. H. Andrews, J. Keller, W. Willis, W. McDonald, M. Gillis, F. E. Pugh, F. E. Pugh, Henry A. Lynch, N. Walker, J. T. Garrett, Newton Higgin, G. S. Samuel, D. L. Evans, L. W. John Wickett, Lacy Stewart,

Here are eight four names without company or regiment. Most of them have surviving kindred and friends who can place them, and I hope they will write at once to the editor to have them complete upon the marble. Let the old soldiers who are left in Georgia look carefully over the lists and see if they cannot recall a comrade who fell at Fredericksburg. If this is not responded to in a short time nothing but the name will appear upon the marble.

And south lost all but her honor in the war, and that must be preserved. In twenty-five years she has been a true woman, undaunted before the world erect—undaunted, unsubdued. She has no apologies to make, but she wants peace and harmony without abasement. We thank God that she is solid—solid for her one preservation, that is all. She will remain so until she is shown equally in the favored and the protection of the powers.

Mr. Lincoln framed a bill to pay to us four hundred millions for our slaves, but it was suppressed. He would have buried our dead in the national cemeteries, and would have pensioned our wounded soldiers and the widow of our dead. He would have made peace had he lived. He was a large-hearted patriot. But the Lord loves him who has strength, and so our comfort is that he loves us amazingly. We will wish hurrah for Campbell and Sandusky anyhow.

BILL A.R.P.

Game at the South.

A kind friend tells us, says the Washington Post, that a recent paragraph in this column relating to the Lillian court fund in Kentucky recalled to his mind a story which is now so old as to be new again. A stranger had gone into one of the southern states to have a little sport with his gun, but after hunting nearly all day was well-nigh exhausted, having found nothing to shoot at. He was about to give up, when he chanced to meet a native, with whom he fell into conversation.

"I thought this was a great country for game," said the stranger.

"Was, so it was a bit ago. There was a right smart o' game round 'yar' afo' the boys got to gunnin' fur it, but I reckon it's mostly killed off now."

"Would it not be well? We've been tramping through these woods since early this morning, and I haven't seen a blessed thing to shoot at."

The native, whose heart was full of that beautiful hospitality for which the south was so famous in ante-bellum times, stopped and stood in deep meditation for seconds.

"Doggid of I don't hate to see you go you'g dispoined, stranger, but—" An idea struck him—a good idea. His face lit up.

"What time is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Quarter past 4."

"Was, now," said the native with spirit, "you go over and stand behind the big tree at the fork of the road just beyond the knoll. Scholl'll be out in just fifteen minutes, an you'll find a right good shot at the damned yankee schoolmaster."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## WEDDING PRESENTS.

The most elegant line in the city. Goods sent to any portion of the state on approval.

**FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW,**  
Jewelers.

top 100 sp

**Van Winkle Gin and Machinery Company,**  
Office 314 Market Street.  
Factory on Bell Line and W. & A. Railroad.  
Telephone 303.  
E. VAN WINKLE, Prop. W. W. BOYD, Sec. & Co.  
reception sp under F&C.

**OPUM**  
Atlanta, Ga. Office 626 Whitehall St.

## "LOOKING BACKWARD."

Last year we sold only three men in every ten carried a watch. Judging from our sales the past year the average is now much greater.

Last fall we introduced the opera glass holder in the city. Today an opera glass is not considered complete without one. How is it with you?

Have you got a watch?

Are you supplied with opera glass and holder? If not, why not?

Come and see us. Prices are correct.

**Julius R. Watts & Co.,**  
Jewelers and Opticians,

57 Whitehall St.

6

## MEDALS!

Best Display of Watches.  
Clocks.  
Diamonds.  
Jewelry.  
Silverware.  
Bronzes.

The above is the verdict of the Piedmont Exposition company and is endorsed by our friends and visitors from all sections, assuring us that our prices compared favorably and were in many instances lower than those of New York, and their appreciation was evinced by their very liberal purchases.

**A. L. DELKIN & CO.,**  
93 Whitehall Street,  
Atlanta, Ga.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

The many friends of MR. GORDON N. HUBTEL announce him as a candidate for councilman from the second ward, election December 4th, 1889.

**ALEXANDER'S**  
Great Invigorator,  
Pectoral, Liver  
Maker and Nerve Tonic.  
Cures Malaria, Biliousness,  
Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Len-  
thy, Convalescence, General  
Delirious, excellent  
for Removing Pimples and  
Pustules, Skin Diseases, Small  
sugar costed 75¢ a  
bottle. At present by  
mail to Gentlemen Alexander  
Medicine Co., New York.

**Money Returned by follow-  
ing druggists if Alexander's  
Cholera Infantum Cure,  
Cholera Morbus Cure, or  
Pile Ointment fails to cure:**

These medicines are sold by  
C. O. Tyner, Stoner, Gregory Co. A. J. Halt-  
wanger, Sharp Bros., Connally & Christian, D. H. S.  
Goldsmith, W. H. Parker, M. D., Dr. J. C. H. H. H. H.  
Smith & Hightower, L. A. Braithwaite, Hutchinson &  
Bro. At wholesale by Lamar Drug Co.  
June 6th 1889

**THE GLORY OF MAN**  
STRENGTH & VITALITY.  
How Lost! How Regained.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.  
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise  
on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous  
and Physical Deliberacy, Impurities of the Blood.

**EXHAUSTED VITALITY**  
UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or  
Overexertion. Environs and uniting the victim for  
Work, Business, the Married, Social Relation.

And the result is death. Unless the great  
work. Contains 300 pages, royal 8vo, elegantly  
bound, embossed, full gilt. Price only \$1.00 by  
mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illus-  
trated with 100 engravings. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL  
from the American Medical Association for  
the PRIZE ESSAY ON VITALITY AND  
PHYSICAL DELIBERACY. Dr. Parker and a corps  
of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, con-  
cerning this work, at the office of  
THE PEABODY MEDICAL LIBRARY,  
4 & 5 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all  
orders for books or letters for advice should be  
directed as above.

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**CHASE & SANBORN'S**  
THE AUTHENTIC COFFEE OF AMERICA.

**SEAL BRAND**  
JAVA & MOCHA  
COFFEE

WANTS PICKED (MEDIUM TO COFFEE)  
BOSTON COFFEES

**FREE** A PERFECT ART ALBUM CON-  
TAINING 24 BEAUTIFUL PHO-  
TOGRAPHS REPRESENTING COFFEE  
AND COFFEE CULTURE. WILL  
BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF RE-  
CEIPT OF PAYMENT.

CHASE & SANBORN, 124 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

MO. 10-66m sun wed fri n r m

## ATLANTA SATURDAY NIGHT

PLUNKETT AND BROWN TAKE IN  
THE CITY AT NIGHT.

Scenes Along the Back Streets and Then  
to the Saloons—Brown's "Notes" Disclose  
Some Startling Figures.

"Brown knows more folks and more folks  
names than any other fellow in Georgia," said  
Plunkett.

"You're right," said Brown.

"The reason I say this about Brown is from  
what I heard of him up at Atlanta last Saturday.  
We had a little truck of one kind and  
another, and so we hitched up our team and  
drove up and down from house to house  
till we sold out a big wagon body of  
such things as my old 'oman and  
his old 'oman had gathered together for us,  
and he knew every house we come to, and  
everybody's name and what they all followed  
for a living, and everybody knew him and  
the children all knew his voice when we  
drove up and hollered."

"You're right," said Brown.

"Night overtook us and we decided that we  
would stay and see the ways of Atlanta on a  
Saturday night. We were on the back streets  
at the beginning of dusk and the men were  
coming in to their houses from the work of  
the week. We watched these brawny fellows,  
some with little buckets and some with  
kets, some with arms piled up with good  
things and some with the groceryman's deli-  
very, and it was a joyful sight to see the glad  
children run and open the gates and kiss  
and hug their papas."

"They knew it was payday," said Brown,  
with a wink.

"The houses where these kind of things were  
going on were most shameful. The lights  
glowed brightly and the ring of the children's  
voices sounded like Christmas times, and we  
sold all such a pound or two of butter, and  
some honey, and some potatoes, and a chicken  
or two, and I know that such folks have good  
eating on Sundays if they don't eat at other  
times."

"I want to tell you about Jack and I'll not tell you  
my lie and can prove what I say."

"But there were houses on these back streets  
where we didn't see these sort of things, and we  
didn't sell nothing, and I know they  
wanted it, for the children would climb over  
our wagon wheels and after a good deal of  
talking, we'd give it to them. And we  
swore that flour was too high for poor  
folks to eat, as he passed out the door and  
started back into the city. I remembered  
his home, when Brown hunched me, and I  
remembered that his wife was setting on the  
steps of a dim light, looking wistfully  
for us to stop for Jack to buy a meal, and I  
remembered the two little girls who were  
swinging on the gate with the same longing  
look of their mother, and I remembered his  
little boy, who was setting squares up on the  
gatepost, and as he looked up the street, said:  
'Our pa never does come home early Saturday  
nights after pay day.'

"You're right," said Brown.

"Nothing would do after supper but we  
should knock around the town, and as we  
walked along the back streets Brown noted:

"Jack Simpson was the first fellow we  
noted, too," said Brown with a show of pride  
for his good memory."

"Yes, Jack was the first we struck,  
at the first little store. He was on a trade  
with the storekeeper, and after a good deal of  
playful talk for a peck of flour, and  
quarreled with the storekeeper to his home,  
and swore that flour was too high for poor  
folks to eat, as he passed out the door and  
started back into the city. I remembered  
his home, when Brown hunched me, and I  
remembered that his wife was setting on the  
steps of a dim light, looking wistfully  
for us to stop for Jack to buy a meal, and I  
remembered the two little girls who were  
swinging on the gate with the same longing  
look of their mother, and I remembered his  
little boy, who was setting squares up on the  
gatepost, and as he looked up the street, said:  
'Our pa never does come home early Saturday  
nights after pay day.'

"That boy wanted a nickel," said Brown.

"Well, we followed on behind Jack into the  
city and kept right up with him till we come  
to a store where the sign read:

"Sweet Mash Corn Whisky."

"We went in when Jack did and watched  
him enter. He didn't play a minute, and  
called for a quart of corn and paid more  
money out for what he had paid for  
everything he sent home put together;  
then he threw out fifteen cents for a plug of  
tobacco, and then, earned if he didn't step  
right outside where four or five fellows were  
sitting on a bench and 'em' can the sun and  
the sun is up right high and then and then  
Jack pulled out his plug of tobacco and  
give 'em all a chaw and started on to his home  
thinking he was mighty smart, but I thought  
you're the darndest fool I ever seen."

"You was right," said Brown.

"We went on then, hurried up town—to a  
fine place with big windows and  
tables and tables and chairs. We took a seat  
and Brown went to taking notes; he punched  
me with his elbow and told me the name of  
every fellow that come in or went out. He  
knew where they lived and what they followed.

A group of young—since—the was fellows  
were just over at a table and we could hear  
them talk. Somehow they talked mostly  
about girls.

"I wish I was er girl," said one of 'em.

"If you was you wouldn't be respectable,"  
answered another.

"And then they all laughed, and the fellow  
that was over at the table and the fellow  
that was over at the table with his knuckles hard enough to take  
the skin off it seemed to me as he 'lowed:

"Fill 'em up ergin! Boys, what will you  
have?"

The drinks came to them, and one of the  
fellows who looked a little more solemn than  
the others.

"Speaking of girls, boys, do you know that  
if the girls were particular about who they  
marry as the men are, that there would be  
precious little marrying in this world?"

"You're right," echoed through the  
bar-room.

"Fifty cents was tossed into the water to  
pay for these four drinks, and as it tingled in  
the tin, Brown hunched me and lowed: "That  
would give some of their poor families we send  
yesterday a good roast beef dinner for Sunday,"  
and he made a note.

"Then another fellow called a crowd up to  
the door, when they had drawn it, and he  
threw over seventy dollars to the clerk.  
Brown made another note and lowed: "That  
was his time and I showed over enough to have  
bought two or three loads of wood, and so it  
went. A fresh set would come and go and the  
old set would come ergin, till Brown quit  
hunching me and just set there as the  
musical was wrapped up."

"The room fat man."

"There goes a turkey!"

"There goes the oysters and stuffing."

"There goes a whole beef!"

"There goes a ton of coal!"

"There goes a pair of shoes for the wife."

"There goes flannel and winter clothing  
for the children."

"There goes a cheap lot to live on for some  
poor widow," he exclaimed, as a fancy looking  
young fellow paid for a fine mirror he had  
broke.

What we got to our room that night Brown  
got in his notes and we figured a little.

"Now, this fellow, one of his notes,  
lived there in that house which  
grew up with the chimney. Where  
that pale woman wanted some of our  
butter so bad. He has spent according to these  
notes, enough to have bought that pale wife  
a house, a lot of butter, two dozen of our  
eggs, a peck of Irish bacon, two doz. apples,  
a peck of our apples, a gallon of our honey and  
turnips and vegetables for a Sunday dinner."

Brown then went on with his notes, calling  
every fellow's name and telling me where  
they lived and what they followed, and how  
many children he had and all their names and  
what they did for a living. I know that all the money  
that was spent in this house last night could  
have been spent in the right way. A human  
being in the city of Atlanta and in the county  
of Fulton could have a glorious dinner on  
blessed Sabbath day."

"You're right," said Brown.

"I was about to try a change of climate in  
order to cure my catarrh," says I. W. Lillie, of  
Chicago, "when I took Hood's Sanitarium,  
which entirely cured me." Try it yourself.

If you want to smoke the best cigarette in the  
world that will give you perfect satisfaction—  
you should try the Sweet Bouquet Cigarette. They  
are made of long, even, even, filling. Five in a  
package for 5 cents. To be had by the under generally

## WHAT IS GOOD?

From the College Journal, Georgetown, D. C.

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;

Knowledge, said the school;

Truth, said the wise man;

Friendship, said the good friend;

Beauty, said the page;

Freedom, said the dreamer;

Fame, said the sage;

Power, said the statesman;

Wisdom, said the teacher.

Spake my heart full sadly:

"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom

Softly this I heard:

"Each heart holds the secret;

Kindness is the love."

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Mrs. Woodhull for President.

From the Liverpool, England, Courier.

A deputation of American citizens has just

arrived in this country, headed by Mr. Ely, ex-

mayor of New York, the object of their visit being

to invite the wife of Mr. John Biddleup Martin, the

well known London banker, to become a candidate

for the presidency of the United States at the next

presidential election. Mrs. Martin is an American

lady, and as Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, is well

known throughout the nation, she is an apostle

of social reform and a champion of woman's

right to be accepted as a candidate.

"Yes, the Climax Cigarette, manufactured by F.

W. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use.

Marvellous cures. Trifles and \$2.00 trial bottles

free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 913

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THIS PAPER CONTAINS  
20 PAGES.

VOL. XXI.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Co.  
Leaders  
of  
Low Prices.

A sleepy, sluggish, slow-witted advertisement doesn't suit this business. We put a quick, healthy pulse-beat in every line. Just the sort of reading that lifts and encourages shoppers; not a clause that drags down or deceives. Sentences, like the stuffs, are good, strong and of firm fibre.

A big batch of Black Dress Goods, several wagon loads of worthiest weaves by choicest makers received Saturday. Such a showing of newest styles in seasonal and serviceable stuffs as we do not know the match of. Different spots in the department where your dollars can be made to do double duty. No other color is wanted so much for all around wear. Young women and old women, alike, will find much to command attention in the exhibit. The luster sorts are the cynosure of many admiring eyes; but those dull finished, do not yearn, in vain, for appreciative remarks.

It is well occasionally to try effects of display, and interesting, as in this case, to note the cumulative power, in a business like ours, of a single color. To be sure there are others that out-rival these in capacity for concentrated and attractive grouping. But just now, while the shelves are opulent with numerous late invoices, we've asked the gayer sisterhood to wait until we print a meagre list of the leading fabrics that constitute this collection of the sombre sorts.

Here's the catalogue eloquent:

Silk and Wool

Tamise, Drap d'Alma.  
Mohair, Mourning Cloth.  
Gloriosa, Camel Hair.  
Sicilian, Nuns' Veiling.

All Wool

Cashmere, Armuré Crepe.  
Merino, Cashmere Germania.  
Henrietta, Taffeta Volante.  
Serge, Merino Moravia.  
Soudan, Victoria Raye.  
Tricot, Drap Royal  
Mouseline, India Stripes.  
Electoral, Surah Twills.

Bordered.

All wool with bands.  
All wool with stripes.  
Silk Henrietta with Satin bands.

Seeing 'em, all must feel that they've stepped within the right environment for Black and Mourning materials.

A brief glance, a hasty look will not suffice for you to correctly comprehend the vastness and beauty of the gathering. Ask questions freely, examine minutely, test critically, then perhaps will dawn upon you a slight conception of the dollars and diligence it took to ferret out and capture this crew of Blacks. Only one small word about prices: Remember, that the statement is true without cant, affectation or exaggeration.

THE CHEAPEST LINE  
OF BLACK DRESSGOODS  
IN THE STATE IS HERE!

Suggestion is our limitation in them. Do our best, we cannot go beyond it, and this is so because the volume and variety of what we try to write is immeasurable.

We've purposely ignored back-

# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

SECOND PART  
9 to 20.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

neyed phrases about "reductions." Enough, for us to promise that the exhibit is more pleasing than any previous attempt, and that each piece is properly priced. Your generous response will amply prove that you appreciate our mode.

Blankets without any badness. Not a fault in the weight or wool—not a scrimp or suggestion of stinginess in breadth, length or thickness. All we've told you of bargains still holds good, and there'll be fresh and copious showings this week.

The best Blankets dirt cheap—don't infer that they are soiled or machine greased. No cleaner, newer, nicer, warmer goods, with fineness so out of proportion to price, are to be had hereabout. A peep into the off window will give you an idea of what we are doing in Blankets.

Next to fitting the foot the hardest thing to do in Men's and Women's Shoes, is fitting the head—that is, suiting an individual taste or meeting a preconceived notion of what a Shoe ought to be. It's a high kind of art to catch by contact with customers their Shoe thoughts. We've accomplished it. In point of comfort, the head is directly interested in the foot. One invites easiness, the other seeks gracefulness. The main achievement in Shoe science, then, is to understand the shape the Shoe should be. It is imperative that the Shoe should fit the foot, and not the foot forced to fit the Shoe. The Shoe that keeps the closest to the lines and curves of nature is the handsomest and the best. That's why we keep and recommend and guarantee Ziegler Bros' products.

There are two ways of buying Shoes. One is to buy loosely, haphazard fashion. The other is to do it carefully and deliberately. Give us the slow, shrew, inquirer and arguer, the difficult-to-please, the purchaser who penetrates the hidden parts of a Shoe, and expects three dollars worth of leather and labor for two dollars in currency. Such are the people we like to handle. Those who can't be satisfied anywhere. One of the objects we have in keeping Shoes is to sell folks who are not pleased with the Shoes they get elsewhere. The department, just now, is as we would have it. You'll be surprised to see its extent. Thousands of pairs of Ziegler's makes, from the daintiest, dressiest styles to those designed for rougher usage, are stacked in straight columns from floor to ceiling. Our Shoe business is splendidly illustrated by the impetuous buyers who constantly crowd the aisles. Satisfactory assortment and low prices are the pegs of success.

Now is an opportunity to realize richly on Ribbons. One of those occasions—rare and remarkable—in which the costs are regulated without reverence for intrinsic value. Colors brilliant. Tints various and delicate. Five hundred pieces, that throb with new and weaker price pulsations.

Another regiment of Jackets have joined the noble procession of Bargains that help to keep up the royal progress of economy from our store to your homes.

Flints of coming events are all over the store, but nowhere are the shadows more definitely outlined than at the Cloak counters. These Jackets were born in Berlin, there-

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

fore are thoroughbreds. The North German Gazette is Prince Bismarck's special advertising medium, but now and again a hampered manufacturer, with a little "financial diplomacy" gets in a paragraph about his output. Had you perused a certain copy, you would know more of the origin of these goods, and how they came here. But don't bother about the how or the why. Accept the bargain as you do the sunshine—as a matter of course. A half hundred hours, at most, and they'll be gone. With this, they pass into advertising oblivion.

Raglans, Ulsters, Newmarkets, Coachman's Coats and the whole tribe of long Garments are selling here cheaper than anywhere on the face of the earth. Strong talk! Yes, but true. Nothing the matter with them—styles choice—no hurts or defects, but the pressure of the incoming tide forces them asunder.

No, madame, that isn't Seal-skin, it's Seal Plush, but so wonderfully like the real that it wouldn't be safe to trust your eyes two steps away. A Modjeska or Coal of it don't cost anything like the genuine Seal, but is every bit as rich and handsome.

It's temptingly easy to sneak dirty and ugly cotton in a Comfort. The inside is out of sight and many take advantage of it. A chilly night will show the cheat. Nothing like pure, carded cotton all the way through to give body and warmth to a Comfort. We've a car-load of the honest sorts at prices that makes well-versed buyers suspicious.

Put our Plushes beside any others at the prices—that'll decide where the buying'll be done.

The Literature of Linen is most interesting when fine quality and low prices unite to make it. Therefore the following ought to be good reading: Soft, starch-free Scotch Linen 35c. Exquisite, flower-wrought Irish Damask 60c. Towels, Momic and Diaper center, fancy broche and tapestry borders in gobelin effects, knotted fringe 50c. Many feet of counter space is piled with clean, crisp things that thrifty housewives joy at.

The Accordion Plaited Skirts are here in numbers again. Price, including waist \$12.00. Finest Henrietta.

No lack of the little Furs that everybody is reaching for. It's the busiest spot in the store just now, and it gets busier and busier as you examine and compare and render your verdict. Muffs, Boas and Capes are the rage.

Notable bargains this week in the Underwear and Hosiery department. Bear in mind that the drops are from prices already what others would call bed-rock.

All through the store stocks are full-fledged with stuffs for people of all purses.

Keely Company

FURNITURE.

CARPETS!  
CARPETS!

Our Carpet business exceeds our most sanguine expectations, and we continue to push our sales in this department. Our styles are ahead of any Carpet store in Atlanta, and our prices cannot be equalled.

Moquettes,

Brussels.

Velvets,

Ingrains,

Rugs, Oil Cloths, Royal Linoleums.



FOLDING BEDS!

WE CONTROL

The Windsor,

The Andrews,

The National,

The Palace,

Which are the leading makes of Folding Beds. We sell more Folding Beds than any house south.

## FURNITURE.

Silk Plush Parlor Suits \$35.

Solid Oak Bedroom Suits \$22.50.

Our 10 piece Solid Walnut Marble Top Toilette Bed Room Suits \$50 is a dandy.

FANCY  
CHAIRS!

500

Styles in Stock.

Plush,

Tapestry,

Moquettes,

Rattan,

Cane, Etc.



## PARLOR SUITS!

Our stock of Parlor Suits excels in variety that of any house South! Over 500 different styles to select from. An endless variety of shapes, colors and prices. Buy you Parlor Suits from us.

## CREDIT.

To our customers who do not care to pay all Cash, we will extend a reasonable credit at cash prices. We can do better for our friends who buy Furniture and Carpets in this way than any Atlanta house

## RHODES & HAVERTY FURNITURE CO.,

89 AND 91 WHITEHALL STREET.

DRY GOODS.



SIMON & FROHSIN,

43 Whitehall Street.

COMBINATION

OF OUR

BARGAIN SALE!

UNDERWEAR

For Men, Ladies and Children. We received several shipments of Underwear from New York for sale, we have placed on sale at about half their regular price.

Men's Camels Hair Shirt and Drawers at 40c each.

Men's White Merino Shirt and Drawers at 40c each.

Men's Scotch Grey Mixed Shirts and Drawers at 25c.

Men's Grey Natural Pure Wool Shirts and Drawers, worth \$1.25, at 85c.

Men's Fine All-wool Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, worth \$4.00, at \$2.25 for the whole.

Ladies' Fine Jersey-Ribbed Merino Vests, worth \$1.20, at 40c.

Ladies' Fine Jersey-Ribbed Vests, worth \$1.20, at 40c.

Ladies' Fine Quality Merino Vests and Pantaloons, worth \$1.00, at 75c.

Ladies' Medicated Soarlet All-wool Vests and Pantaloons, worth \$1.25, at 85c.

Ladies' Lamb's Wool Vests, all wool, at 85c, worth \$1.25.

Children's Underwear in all sizes and styles.

HOSIERY.

Ladies' and children's ribbed black Hose at 75c.

Children's black and colored ribbed Hose, mixed lot, worth 25 to 40 cts., your choice for 15 cts.

Children's fast black Hose, Hermadore dye, warranted not to stain, at 20 cts., prior every.

Woolen Hose 25c.

Ladies' regular made seamless ingrain Hose, black and colors, 15 cts.

Ladies' all wool Hose, ribbed or plain, 25 cts., worth 40c.

Ladies' fine French cashmere Hose 75 cts., quality 40 cts.

Irish all wool Hose 10 cts.

Men's all wool and camel hair half-hose at 25 cts.

Men's fast black half hose, at 15 cts., worth 25 cts.

Men's French Balbriggan half hose, seamless, at 15 cts.

JERSEYS.

Fast black Jersey, coat back, braided, 60c.

All wool Jersey, worth \$1.25, at 75 cts.

All wool cambric Shawl at \$1.00.

Gloria silk Umbrellas with gold or silver

case at \$1.50.

WASHINGTON SEMINARY,

Atlanta, Ga.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. The KINGDERGARTEN is in charge of Miss Anna Palmer. The MUSIC SCHOOL is under the direction of Alfredo Barilli. MRS. BAYLOR STEWART, Principal.

Oct-1st-1890.

MRS. BAYLOR STEWART, Principal.

sep 22 o.s. 1890.

NATURAL BRIDGE HOTELS

Natural Bridge Va.

These three Hotels, Forest Inn, Apple-

dore and Pavilion all under one management,

exquisitely furnished with all modern improvements,

will be open to the public on the 1st of June.

These three Hotels, Forest Inn, Apple-



## RUBE TALKS!

Constitution Man Tracks the Outlaw to His Lair.

FACE TO FACE WITH BURROW

The Train Robber Says He Has Never Taken a Poor Man's Money.

LED ASTRAY BY JESSE JAMES

The Terror Talks Freely About His Life and Adventures

ON SAND MOUNTAIN

Rube Helps Himself But Pays the People for What He Takes.

WOULD ACCEPT A PARDON

A Host of Kinsmen and Friends Back the Bandit and Will Stand by Him.

Special to The Constitution.

GATMAN, Miss., November 9.

THE BURROW, THE most daring and reckless desperado this country has ever produced has a word to say about himself.

He denies but little, is somewhat tired of the life of an outlaw.

would surrender if absolutely sure of a pardon.

But he tells it all, of his train robberies, of the men he has killed and wounded, of his pursuit by the posse in Blount county—it was either kill or be killed—of his escape to the crest of Sand mountain, and then of his joining the posse and searching for himself. Some of his past record he regrets and some he is proud of—but he says he will never be captured even dead or alive, and has not been off his guard an instant for two years.

Last week in Lamar county, I arranged with the family and friends of Rube Burrow to get an interview with the famous outlaw, if any possible means they could get me to him alone, and at a place where there would be no probability of pursuit.

It was arranged, and I have had the interview.

On Tuesday night information that Rube was in Lamar county, Ala., was obtained.

AT RUBE'S HOME.

Reaching Gadsden Wednesday morning, a saddle horse was obtained and the trip to old man Allen Burrow's home, seventeen miles distant, was made by early afternoon.

The old man, as is his nature, gave me a hearty welcome and read carefully a batch of letters I bore pledging secrecy of whatever he disclosed.

"I want nothing kept a secret," he said, "except where Rube is. Rube ain't going to allow the detectives to get him, and I don't want to hear of no more killing."

Being assured that Rube's whereabouts would not be divulged, the old man said:

"I don't know just where I'll see Rube, but when I do, if I can, I am going to fix it for you to see him, of course, provided he agrees. I might see him tomorrow, I might see him next week and I might never see him."

After a long conversation, but one in which further information than the fact that Rube was in the neighborhood was gained, I left and spent the night at a country inn five miles distant.

A CLEW TO RUBE'S WHEREABOUTS.

Early Thursday morning I rode to Jim Cash's, Rube's brother-in-law and devoted friend. I learned there that Rube was not far off, but that I couldn't be led to him without Rube being first consulted. However, I was directed to Rube's most hearty supporter, near relative and trust friend, some twenty miles distant, just across the line into Mississippi.

The country intervening is as sparsely settled as the mountains of Blount county. It is perfectly wild and the roads, which go through dense oak and hickory woods for mile after mile without a break, appear as though they were not traversed once a month by the wheel of a wagon. I passed four houses on the trip of fifty miles, for I lost the road many times and went at least ten miles farther than the direct road.

At one of the houses I got dinner and gained some valuable information. Late in the afternoon I reached Galtman, a new station on the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham road, containing just three houses and a depot in course of construction. One of the houses was a country store, which I approached. It was, just about three hundred yards over the Alabama line.

MISSISSIPPI.

"Good evening, gentlemen," I said to three men who sat in front.

"Good day, sir," said one as he eyed me critically.

"How far is it to Sulphur?"

"Seven or eight miles up the road."

"Is there any place here I can get supper?"

I asked. "I have ridden twenty or thirty miles today and am very much fatigued."

"Well, I don't know—you might," said one.

"Anyhow, if you don't object I will rest with you a short while."

"All right and have a seat," said all three in chorus.

I jumped from my horse and leaned against the building. There was silence for a few moments. Then I said:

"Seen anything of Rube Burrow lately?"

If a bombshell had exploded right there no more consternation could have ensued. Every one of the three men was on his feet in an instant and the hand of each rested upon a pistol.

"Hold up," I cried as my hands went up, "I am simply a newspaper man—no detective. I want to see Rube Burrow and get an interview with him—I have seen old man Burrow and Jim Cash. I was told to come over and see a Mr. Smith, Rube Burrow's cousin."

"Are you the fellow that wrote up Rube in THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION?" asked one of the party.

"I am, and here is the paper," I said as I handed it out.

"Well, Rube ought to kill you for publishing such a looking man as him."

"That's what I am looking for him now. I owe him an apology."

THE FIRST SIGHT OF RUBE.

At this instant I looked up, and, standing in the door with a Winchester rifle in his hand, and the muzzle pointing directly at me, was a tall, muscular fellow, straight as an Indian and as bravely as a woodsman. Even his face was muscular. A pair of deep-set, cruel, piercing grayish blue eyes, that flashed like the eyes of a tiger, a long, almost straight and perfectly chiseled nose, a square and heavy chin, a prominent lower jaw protruding way back under his ear, and a heavy drooping mustache all went to show that he was a man of great determination and will power combined with the recklessness, daring nature of the most ferocious beast, and as by instinct I knew I was in the presence of Rube Burrow, the man known throughout the southwest as Red Rube, I was running from the police, but I had to do it.

"I stayed in that negro's house that Sunday night, for I thought I might be able to get Jim out in some way. But when they surrounded that house next morning I knew I had to run and do some shooting or it was all up for me. So I pulled off my shoes and the run to that swamp was the best I ever did. That was

I was uncomfortable, as the muzzle of the Winchester was upon me, but at realizing that the time had come for the long sought interview, I was determined to have it.

Turning to Smith:

"If there was an hundred thousand dollars reward upon the head of Burrow, and even though I was in his presence I would certainly not be foolish enough to attempt the capture of any such man—and again, I would rather have him shot than captured."

RUBE IS INDUCED TO TALK.

"I'll see you directly," said Smith, as he and the man who stood in the door drew off.

Smith came back in a few minutes, asked me a score of questions, and then returned with the large man behind the house in a clump of woods.

The two walked up, and the large man sat just at the edge of the door on a stool. Across his lap lay a Winchester rifle. Smith stood near.

"Well, Rube will talk to you," said Smith.

Then a firm, rather hard-sounding voice was heard. It was the first time Rube Burrow had spoken.

"I am you, as you, a reporter, all right. If a detective—"

"I am simply after an interview with you, and you may rest assured that I will say nothing calculated to cause pursuit."

"Then I'll talk to you," he said, leaning rather over in his chair with the Winchester, however, still in his lap and pointing towards me.

HIS MUSTACHE DYED.

I leaned my chair back against a post and then had a good look at him. His mustache had been dyed a black but since the dye had been put on it had grown out fully a quarter of an inch and the reddish, sandy hue was plainly visible.

Looking straight at me, and his eyes seemed to pierce straight through me, he said:

"Well, as you said, I reckon you want to know about my life?"

"I then jumped back on the platform of the express car. The train stopped, Joe came back with me and with our shooting irons out we rushed into the express car, scaring the sleepy messenger pretty badly I tell you."

A DARING ROBBERY AND MURDER.

"Quick—open that chest and out with the valuables or I'll put a hole in you," I said and he took up his rifle and did it powerful quick.

"We had just got the money when two fellows rushed to the platform and commenced shooting. One of them had a Winchester. The other had a pistol. Joe shot quick and I shot then Joe shot again and again. The other fellow was shootin' too, but we got the fellow with the Winchester and then left. I afterwards learned the fellow we killed was named Hughes—Chester Hughes—and I've always been sorry for killin' him, though I don't know who killed him, whether it was me or Joe. Anyhow, he was a young fellow and had plenty of grit, and I'm sorry of it," he repeated, as he again glanced nervously about to see if there was anyone near him.

"Well, as you said, I reckon you want to know about my life?"

"I then jumped back on the platform of the express car. The train stopped, Joe came back with me and with our shooting irons out we rushed into the express car, scaring the sleepy messenger pretty badly I tell you."

HE KILLED THE BLOODHOUND.

"On Sunday," he went on, "three hounds got on our track, and they were right pert in following us. When the head one old black—got in about fifty or sixty yards of us, Joe and me pulled down on her and I think we both got her. The other one ran off. Then down at the foot of the hill we saw the crowd. It looked like a whole town and we took a shot apiece and pulled out, and I couldn't see from yellin' at them as we did. I believe I invited them to come and see me again. For I knew they couldn't get at us on that mountain. They we got supper that night at an old man's house nearby in sight of the crowd."

HE HAD FRIENDS IN THE CROWD.

"I had my friends in that crowd, too," he said with a smile of satisfaction. "I knew them Birmingham fellows was comin' and I knew they had good guns and wasn't scared to use 'em. Anyhow I didn't care nothin' about knockin' 'em."

Then Rube leaned back a little and a smile came over his rough face.

"I've always been most too reckless, I reckon," he continued, "and when them fel-

one of the narrowest escapes I ever had, and when I got off with only a load of bird shot in my neck I thought I was doing powerful well. I shot back I run, but didn't think I could hit them. I shot to keep them back."

THE FIGHT ON SAND MOUNTAIN.

"We laid low and the crowd commenced to close in. Then I looked around and saw we must get out on the side next the mountain. We waited a while longer and then the fun commenced. We took good aim every time and give 'em the best our Winchesters had. I believe my first shot got that fellow in the head—Ammoner, the papers said his name was. Then I got another one on that fellow Woodward. I reckon, and when we grazed the other fellow and broke one's arm—well that crowd was party-baited and riddled and we got out of our cover in a hurry for them buckshot had spoken.

"Joe didn't say a word, but I knew by his looks he was goin' to fight hard."

RUBE AND JACKSON OFF IN THE WOODS.

When the sheriffs rode up the women of the house were right badly scared and one of them ran out towards the woods.

"I saw this was a good chance, so Joe and me ran on, keeping the women between us and the sheriffs. I know that fellow Morris said that I took her in my arms, but I never touched her. When we got to the edge of the woods the woman fell down. Morris and his crowd didn't come towards us at all while we were running, and when the woman fell we were a long ways off, but both of us took a shot and went on in the woods. The sheriffs went away and didn't try to come after us. That was on a Thursday."

"Friday we were laying out in the woods not far off, when a crowd of forty or fifty armed men came upon us almost before we knew it.

"When I saw them surrounding us we were in a bunch of trees in a sort of low place.

"Joe," said I, "it looks sorter like we're in isure 'ough though we're in. There's goin' to be some killin' here and I reckon we've got to do it."

"Joe didn't say a word, but I knew by his looks he was goin' to fight hard."

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"Joe,"

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Unsurpassed Advertising Mediums, having large circulation in southern and southwestern states.

## WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

THE SPLENDID RECORD OF SOME ATLANTA LADIES.

News and Gossip About Society and Matters of Especial Interest to the Constitution's Fair Readers.

The week has been socially quiet, nothing large enough to have all society attend, but those who received invitations to Mrs. Freeman's and Mrs. Hart's pretty dinners considered themselves very lucky.

For this week the Story-McGee wedding on the fourteenth and Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Harris's reception on the thirteenth will be the principal large social affairs, and upon Tuesday evening Miss Lella Venables gives a charming dinner to a number of friends.

The most delightful and interesting meeting ever held by the ladies' auxiliary was at the Y. M. C. A. building last Friday afternoon. Though the weather was very inclement, the attendance was large, between forty and fifty ladies being present.

A review of the work already accomplished was first taken and the wonderful amount of practical good done by the association was fairly ended.

These good workers to continue their real in such a good cause.

During the past three months there have been made through the influence of the Christian association fifty conversions, twenty-five young men being received into the church last Sunday. This work reaches men and boys of every age, and the ladies are to be congratulated on their beautiful work for the cause.

They must once a week at the building where Mr. Henry Mayes has charge of their entertainment; they sing and read aloud, and they are looking forward with eager anticipation to the time when they will be bold enough to be regular members.

This week is to be one of prayer for the woman's auxiliary all over the land, and at the meeting each woman pledged herself to offer a dollar each to the cause every year for the young men of their country.

It was a solemn and beautiful moment when this idea was proposed, and after a hush nearly every woman present asked for the prayers of her fellow workers for some member of their own family.

After the business was disposed of Mrs. W. M. Scott gave a delightful vocal solo. Miss Ella Powell recited the "Lost and Found," and the organ and organist Professor Bentz gave one of his greatest instrumental selections.

A letter written by a lady out in Minnesota and received in recognition of the work of five years, and is in perfect health. She manifested a great deal of interest in the occasion.

Among those present with their families were Captain J. G. Reynolds, Dr. Joseph F. Alexander, and Colonel R. F. Maddox, of Atlanta; Mrs. F. C. Kalbein of Mississippi; Mr. R. T. Jones of Canton, Ga.; Mrs. F. Merritt, of Marietta; Miss May Williams, of New Orleans; and Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Walker. Mrs. Reynolds expects to have her family assemble upon each of her successive anniversaries and that there may be many such pleasant occasions yet to come; the wish of many a particular body of workers in the same field.

For the winter amusements, the ladies decided to give an entertainment to the members of the association, and the ladies' auxiliary will come with their tickets of membership. They can also bring friends who are not members.

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PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.  
The Daily (including Sunday) ..... \$10.00  
The Sunday (20 or 24 Pages) ..... 2.00  
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ATLANTA, GA., NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

## Two Distinguished Georgians.

With the adjournment of the legislature two of the most prominent and promising of the distinguished young men of Georgia retire voluntarily to private life after a long service of honor to themselves, credit to their constituents and profit to the state. We refer to Hon. Fleming G. duBignon, president of the senate, and Hon. A. S. Clay, speaker of the house, both of whom have announced that they will withdraw, at least for a time, from the political arena, to take up more actively their professional duties.

It is needless to say that this withdrawal from public life is only temporary, for even if they willed it otherwise, the people who have honored them with their trust would not consent to allow a retirement which would deprive the state of the services of men whose public careers have been characterized by the ability and patriotism that has marked those of Messrs. duBignon and Clay.

The announcement of President duBignon that he will not enter the race for the governorship will no doubt be a surprise to the people of the state, who have very naturally looked upon him as one of the most prominent of the probabilities for the next nomination. Having an exceptionally advantaged professional offer, he has decided to devote his time to the law, and thus withdraws his name from the list of gubernatorial candidates. And this after having received assurances of support from many of the most active influences from all parts of the state, and with chances in his favor more pronounced than those of probably any other name yet mentioned in that connection.

As to Speaker Clay, it can be said that the rapid strides with which he has come to the front is a guarantee that his ability and popularity is such that the people are not done with him. He voluntarily retires because he desires to devote a few years to the active practice of his profession, and having probably the best practice in his section, it can be accounted as reasonably certain that he will soon acquire a competency, ranking him as one of the most successful members of the Georgia bar. But the people will call him again, and that before very long.

With these two distinguished Georgians go the best wishes of a host of close friends, and the eyes of the whole people will follow them in their temporary retirement. They have done their duty well and deserve the plaudits which the public will willingly extend.

## Fairs and Expositions in Georgia.

We notice several counties moving in the direction of county fairs. This is an excellent policy. No county has yet held even a colt show or a horse show without being directly and immediately benefitted. If nothing more is done than to bring the people together in social meeting, and enable them to exchange ideas, it is richly worth the trouble it has taken. We should be glad to see every county in the state have its annual fair, at which the best farming, the best stock raising, and the best housewifery of the county was displayed in competition.

The Piedmont exposition for next year will be cast on new and larger lines, and will give special impetus to the various industries of Georgia. Even in its larger scope it will aim to do nothing more than to perfect and carry out the impulses and the plans set on foot in the county fairs. The Farmers' Alliance can do a great work in this direction. It is a nucleus of organization in every county, and should make itself a nucleus around which the best work of the farmer, his best ideas and his closest interests are centered at least once a year in public fair.

## The Story of the Cherokees.

The installments of history THE CONSTITUTION, printing from the pen of Mrs. B. F. Abbott are especially interesting and important. They are written in flexible English, with graphic pictures in every paragraph, and they are the history of the people who long ago owned the very hills on which we live. It is the story of our own soil and of the people from whom we took it by treaty. The surpassing interest of these papers should commend them to the attention of every reader, and their importance should fix them in the memory of all Georgians.

## International and Interstate Ignorance.

A writer in the New York Evening Post expresses his surprise at British ignorance concerning matters and things in this country. He found an intelligent English clergyman who was under the impression that the Rocky mountains could be seen from the Hudson. When this story was related to another intelligent Englishman the latter thought it a rare joke, and said that the Rockies were four hundred miles from the Hudson!

Such international ignorance is rather irritating, but our interstate ignorance is just as bad, if not worse. Not long ago a Philadelphia daily estimated the black population of the south at 25,000,000. The imaginary pictures of southerners in the northern pictorial papers invariably represent swarthy, long-haired, slovenly-looking fellas, whose originals are not to be found and diamond necklaces, unless we look across the continent, unless we look across the ocean. Among intelligent

men, and that our

white men cannot work in the field through the summer. In point of fact, the contrary is the case. Massachusetts and New York suffer under hotter suns than were ever felt in any southern state, and our whites have worked in open fields every summer since the first colonists landed.

Justify Mr. Ogleby's good work and strengthen his hands for the future by sending your name promptly to THE CONSTITUTION and becoming a member of the only business organization in the city of Atlanta that is solely devoted to public interest.

## A Word to the Citizens of Atlanta.

The people of Atlanta should guard most jealously that government that touches them most closely and at most points.

What is that government?

By all odds, the government of the city. That gives us our schools, our lights, our streets, our sewers, our police, our water. It provides for the education of our children—for the protection of our lives and property—for our comfort in riding and walking—for the water we drink—for the health of our bodies and the peace of our minds.

Think of it.

It is the city government that meets almost every want. It deals with us directly and touches our lives at every point of pleasure, health or comfort. It is to the city that we pay four-fifths of our taxes. It is the city that wraps us all up in good government—or leaves us exposed at every point to bad government.

It is not clear common sense that a man's duty is to protect his city government more earnestly than any government with which he has to do?

It is especially important that Atlanta should elect good men in her coming election. The income of the city will be \$1,500,000. To spend this enormous sum judiciously requires the very best and broadest management. We are going to begin the building of \$1,000,000 water works. On the integrity and ability in starting this great work depends our health and pleasure for the next twenty years. Our tax books show \$40,000,000 of city property. A vast estate, for which none but the very best administrators should be selected.

If any man of common sense had so great an estate, with such enormous income, and with such an important work to be started, would he not lay down everything else and give his time to the selection of honest and prudent and responsible agents to take charge of it, administer its income, and start the great project of providing it with water for twenty years?

Why, of course he would.

Then let the citizens of Atlanta get together and select good men to be voted for on December 5th. Atlanta is their estate. Her income is their income. Her interests are their interests. Let us have a citizens' meeting, and let us provide machinery that will result in the selection of such men to administer Atlanta's affairs as each man would select to manage his own affairs.

It is not necessary that we should elect rich men, or professional men. Some of the very best councilmen Atlanta ever had were poor men, and men without education or broad business connections. Our society is always being revived and fed from the bottom. We do not insist, therefore, that capitalists or statesmen should be selected.

But it is essential that only men of known and proved integrity, of prudence and good sense, of devotion and loyalty, representing no clique, fathering no job, promoting no local interests, but legislating for the good of the whole city and of all classes.

THE CONSTITUTION calls for a citizens meeting—a mass meeting in which the people can assemble and provide some procedure by which good and competent men can be selected for the council for the most important year in Atlanta's history. We have no choice for a single man, or for a single office. Atlanta is growing as she never grew before—is prospering as she never prospered before. Let us not turn her over to the charge of small, inefficient or improper men.

Atlanta and Its Gas Company.

There is a time when forbearance ceases to be virtue.

That Harrison's administration is narrow, weak and inefficient. Contrasted with the broad and superb administration of President Cleveland, it has disgruntled not only the impartial voter, but the more patriotic of Mr. Harrison's own party. He is the smallest man that ever jostled around in the presidential chair—and his smallness is as great as any man of his size.

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That time has arrived with the people of Atlanta in regard to the gas company and its administration. It does not express it to say that the gas is bad; it is simply wretched. With five lights of a chandelier lit, the gas, as at present supplied, will hardly furnish enough light to read by. It flickers continually, at times going almost entirely out. Lamps have been brought into use in many houses for the simple reason that it is impossible to use gas of such out-rageous quality.

We do not clearly see what remedy the people have, but they have a remedy, we are perfectly certain. It is the duty of Mayor Glenn and the council to take hold of the matter, as they have charted this consolidated company. If they cannot protect the people in that direction, they can give a new company special privileges, and a new company can be organized in a week's time. In the meantime, the people should refuse to use the gas unless the quality is improved. They ought not to submit to the present imposition, and they will not.

AT THREE O'CLOCK the morning after the election, Editor Watterson rose from his downy couch, and made this remark, which is printed in his excellent paper: "It is a democratic cyclone from Cape Cod to Kalazamoo, from Alpha to Omaha, from bell to breakfast." The fine enthusiasm at the bottom of this is worthy of attention.

ALL RUMORS to the effect that Rube Burrow, the outlaw, was seen yesterday in north Alabama, near the Tennessee line, or in north Georgia, are groundless. Rube Burrow was in Mississippi yesterday, and in another column we print an interview had with the noted desperado by one of our correspondents.

The flock of democratic roosters in the newspapers has caused Mr. Harrison to stuff cotton in his ears and tie a red flannel rag around his neck. A democratic rooster going through his newspaper performance is calculated to aggravate a sensitive republican.

It is passing strange that when such a man as Mr. Ogleby, hacked as he is by a superb board of directors, should ask for one hundred new members to the chamber of commerce, and offer a good investment in brick and mortar for the initiation fee,

that there should be a day's delay in his securing all he wants. The city of Chattanooga has five hundred members for its chamber of commerce, and is planning a building to cost \$250,000. Atlanta has a magnificent building practically paid for, and with less than two hundred actual members.

Justify Mr. Ogleby's good work and strengthen his hands for the future by sending your name promptly to THE CONSTITUTION and becoming a member of the only business organization in the city of Atlanta that is solely devoted to public interest.

Likely to Fall on the Shoulders of the Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee.

New York, November 9.—[Special.]—The democratic triumph in Ohio last Tuesday involved more than Mr. Campbell's victory in the gubernatorial race. The political complexion of the next legislature insures the election of a democrat to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Payne, and that democrat will be Hon. Calvin S. Brice. Mr. Brocksaw, in any case, is a

divorced himself from Ohio, but has preserved his relations to the state and people in tact by keeping himself continuously identified with various enterprises for the material development and progressive welfare of the buckeye state, and by scrupulously conforming to all the observances that constitute both technical and substantial citizenship.

Since last Tuesday his office at No. 10 Wall street has been perpetually crowded by prominent Ohio democrats, and distinguished politicians from half a dozen other states, all urging him to stand for the Ohio senatorship. I have never seen such a strong appeal to any man to accept political honor. There is no question about his election if he allows his name to be used. A very important

"Of course" Mr. Brice appreciates that his election to the senate, and a proper discharge of the grave responsibilities attaching to that office, would seriously

CONFFLICT WITH HIS PRIVATE BUSINESS, and commit him unreservedly to political life. At the same time he is deeply sensible of the great honor which would be conferred on him by his election, and if the democrats of his native state call him to their service in high or humble place, he is too genuine a patriot and too loyal to his political party to allow his personal affairs to interfere with his duty to his native state, and to his country at large."

IF HE IS ELECTED

to the senate, it will be a substantial recognition of his unswerving devotion to the doctrine of tariff reform. And as a loyal disciple of that faith, he will be the most acceptable candidate to a large element in Ohio, and his election will be a delight to Grover Cleveland and all his inseparable allies. Mr. Brice goes to Ohio tomorrow night to participate in the great democratic rejoicing over last Tuesday's victory, and while out there will, no doubt, announce publicly whether or not he will stand for the senatorship.

M. J. V.

PEOPLE HERE AND THERE.

GLADSTONE.—Mr. Gladstone believes that all newspaper articles should be signed. Mr. Gladstone has never been a police reporter.

BATES.—Arlo Bates calls for a society for the suppression of authorship. It would take a very small society to suppress Mr. Bates.

ELMORE.—Major Hamilton, of London, Ohio, got drunk and painted the town red. He raided the city hall, and released all the prisoners. Then the council impeached him.

WILLIAM.—The Emperor William desires to visit the United States.

WITHERS.—Ex-Confederate General Withers came out of the war with nothing. In twenty-five years he has accumulated \$600,000 raising horses.

PREPARING THE WORK

Which the Knights of Labor Will Consider This Week.

The members of the constitutional committee of the Knights of Labor are hard at work.

Every day since their arrival in Atlanta they have remained from early morning until late at night in their room at the Kimball, preparing the report which will be sent to the national committee which convenes next Tuesday.

EVERY ASSEMBLY of the organization has the right to suggest improvements in the constitution. All these suggestions are submitted to the committee now in session, and their duty requires them to examine every one and report on it as their judgment dictates.

The selection of the committee is left to Grand Master Workman. In choosing the five members of the committee, Mr. Workman will take into account the services rendered for the benefit of the organization, and the ability of the men to represent the organization. Every one of them wears the stamp of intellectual superiority on his features. They began their work systematically and the only information obtainable from them is that it is progressing rapidly and the report will be ready by the evening of the 11th.

The meeting will be held at the courthouse on Thursday night, and a short drive will be made by prominent speakers.

John N. Fain, J. Lester, Robert J. Lowry, J. M. Williams, M. Innes, J. R. McCallum, R. B. Crow, A. P. Thomas, A. S. King, W. G. Abel, Charles O. Tyree, W. McCandless.

THE ROAD WINS.

It Makes a Midnight Move Upon the Citizens.

The trouble that has existed for some time between the Savannah, Americus and Macon & Western railroads, and a majority of the city council of Americus relative to the laying of side tracks across Jackson street, adjoining the company's yards, was brought to an unexpected termination last night. The company had been laying tracks across the street almost in the center of the city and by daylight the tracks were all laid, and the work completed. It was a signal victory for the road, and is the subject of much good-humored discussion today.

WEST END ENTERTAINMENT.

The West End Sunday School Mission of the Hunter Street Christian Church is making fine progress. A few evenings ago several ladies of the congregation gave a benefit for the mission, and realized a good little sum. At the last session the school was visited by special thanks to the ladies who managed the entertainment, also to the several young ladies, Miss Lucille Niles, Miss Fannie Spahr and Miss Katie Shultz, who took the time to go to the school and the students. Every assembly of the organization has the right to suggest improvements in the constitution. All these suggestions are submitted to the committee now in session, and their duty requires them to examine every one and report on it as their judgment dictates.

The promoters of the school are in earnest, and it will flourish. They have secured the hall over Mr. J. L. Caldwell's store for the meetings of the school, and realized a good little sum. At the last session the school was visited by special thanks to the ladies who managed the entertainment, also to the several young ladies, Miss Lucille Niles, Miss Fannie Spahr and Miss Katie Shultz, who took the time to go to the school and the students. Every assembly of the organization has the right to suggest improvements in the constitution. All these suggestions are submitted to the committee now in session, and their duty requires them to examine every one and report on it as their judgment dictates.

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ONLY TWENTY MORE  
WANT TO JOIN THE CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE.

FOR HIS RELEASE  
J. R. TOLLESON FILES A PETITION  
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Judge Marshal Clarke Will Hear Argument  
and Pass Upon the Petition Asking for  
His Release Next Saturday.

The Mercantile Banking company case  
came up in the courts again yesterday.

This time it was in the form of a petition  
filed by J. R. Tolleson, through his attorneys,  
for leave to appear as a defendant to the suit  
as originally brought.

The papers were filed yesterday afternoon,  
and next Saturday was set by Judge Clarke  
for hearing argument on the petition. At  
that time it will be decided whether Mr.  
Tolleson will be released from Fulton coun-  
ty jail and be allowed to appear as a de-  
fendant before the courts.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CASE.

On the 26th of January last the People's  
Savings bank filed a petition in Fulton superior  
court asking that a receiver be appointed to  
take charge of the assets of the Mercantile  
Banking company; also that an injunction  
should issue restraining the defendant corpora-  
tion, its agents and officers from interfering  
with the assets, and that they be required to  
turn them over to the receiver.

The petition for receiver alleged that the  
only visible assets were the company's office  
furniture and safe, and there was in it no dis-  
tinct allegation of any other assets, while the  
only defendant was the Mercantile Banking  
company. Mr. Tolleson claims that he was  
not a party to that suit. This petition was  
presented to Judge Marshall J. Clarke on  
January 26th, and the 30th was set as the time  
when Mr. Tolleson, who had been served,  
should show cause why an injunction should  
not issue and a receiver be appointed.

Judge Clarke's order, in addition, also con-  
tained these words, "In the meantime, C. E.  
Norton is hereby appointed temporary re-  
ceiver to take charge of all the assets of the de-  
fendant, to hold until the further order of the  
court. Defendants will turn over all the as-  
sets belonging to the same, in accordance  
with the prayer of the bill."

On January 28th process issued against the  
Mercantile Banking company, and service was  
made by serving Mr. Tolleson, as president of  
the company. The order of court did not ex-  
tend to the prayer for an injunction as asked  
in the second clause of the original petition.

The court did not grant a temporary injunction,  
nor did it, as prayed, require the officers  
and agents of the defendant to turn over to  
the receiver the assets, and there was no aver-  
ment as to who the officers were, but Mr. Tol-  
leson was mentioned as "the alleged president."

The receiver on January 28th presented a  
petition to Judge Clark asking that J. R.  
Tolleson and one Richards be required to  
show cause why they should not be  
attached for contempt of the order of court in  
refusing to turn over the assets of the corpora-  
tion to him as receiver. That order was not  
granted as asked, but Judge Clarke did pass an  
order requiring them to show cause, at 2 o'clock  
that afternoon, "why they should not turn  
over all the assets of said defendant corpora-  
tion," this second suit being brought by the  
receiver and not by the plaintiff in the original  
case.

In the petition the receiver stated that he  
had demanded of "J. R. Tolleson, the pres-  
ident of the Mercantile Banking company," the  
possession of the assets of "defendant," that  
Tolleson stated he was in possession of every-  
thing" or words to that effect, and also that  
he turned over a small amount of bills, etc.  
The receiver also charged that the defendant  
admitted that there were \$100,000 paid in to the concern with \$5,000 sur-  
plus on the day he was appointed, that Tolleson  
failed to turn over any money except 40 cents, or property repre-  
senting the capital stock, or to make any ex-  
cuse for such failure." In the original petition  
filed by the People's Savings bank, so Mr. Tol-  
leson's attorneys claim, there was an alle-  
gation that the \$100,000 capital stock was never  
paid in, and that it and the \$5,000 surplus had  
no existence, and, further that the plaintiff  
bank based its claim to recovery upon the fact  
that the representation of the existence of this  
fund was false and fraudulent.

After the receiver's petition, Mr. Tolleson  
filed his affidavit stating that he did not have  
then, nor at the time the rule was served on  
him, any money, property or effects belonging  
to the Mercantile Banking company in his pos-  
session, custody or control.

After considering the petition of Mr. North-  
en, the receiver, and Mr. Tolleson's affidavit,  
Judge Clarke issued an order committing J.  
R. Tolleson and James M. Richards to  
the common jail of Fulton county,  
there to remain until they com-  
plied with the order previously made with  
respect to the delivery of the assets of the  
Mercantile Banking company to the receiver.

Mr. Tolleson and Mr. Richards were both  
committed to jail under this order. Mr. Tol-  
leson has been there ever since, but Mr. Rich-  
ards was released sometime ago.

THE GROUNDS OF YESTERDAY'S PETITION.  
In the papers filed yesterday by Mr. Tolleson,  
through his attorneys, Messrs. John L.  
Hopkins & Sons and R. J. Jordan, the follow-  
ing is set forth:

"Petitioner was committed to jail under that  
order (referring to Judge Clarke's order men-  
tioned above), and under it he has ever since  
been confined. He now respectfully sub-  
mits that he should be discharged from  
custody. First, because the re-  
ceiver's prayer was not that petitioner  
show cause why he should not be attached for  
contempt, but that he show cause why he  
should not turn over the assets, and the judge  
said that he should be committed to jail until  
he complied with the order of January 28th.  
He was brought into court to have it determined  
whether he should turn over the assets, and was sent to jail for not having  
done it before that time. He is now  
confined for failure to comply with an  
order that was made before there was any  
attempt to make him a party to the suit.

"Second. Because the proceedings under  
which he was committed to jail, and is now  
confined, were brought by the receiver, and  
not by the plaintiff.

"Third. There is no averment in the original  
petition in the case, or in the side petition of  
the receiver, that this petitioner had in his cus-  
tody or control, any assets of defendant corpora-  
tion, nor is there any description of such as-  
sets, nor what they are, nor that he has failed  
to turn them over, and is therefore in contempt.  
There is no judgment of the court that there  
are no assets, or what they are, or that peti-  
tioneer had them; nor was he ordered to pro-  
duce them; nor is there a judgment that he  
could produce them and did not. The only  
orders or judgments are, first, that the corpora-  
tion turn over its assets, and second, that your  
petitioner be imprisoned until he turned  
them over. Prisoner is now in execution with-  
out previous conviction.

"The day after he was put in jail, under the  
order of the 28th of January, an attempt was  
begun to make him a party to the suit. On  
that day the Prairie National bank filed a peti-  
tion as an amendment in the original case, asking  
that your petitioner be made a defendant  
in said case, and that he be served with  
copies, as provided by law; that the  
receivership be extended to his individual  
property, and for an injunction. An order was  
made that this amendment be filed and served  
as usual, and defendants were required to show  
cause on the 30th of January why an injunction  
and receiver should not be granted. Service of  
the amendment and rule nisi was ac-  
knowledged on the 29th. On the 30th your honor  
ruled that petitioner be made a party defendant  
to said cause, but no further step has been  
taken to that end.

"On the 30th of January the original applica-  
tion for injunction and receiver was heard.  
Norton was made permanent receiver, and  
the defendants were required to turn over to  
him all the property belonging to them, and the injunction was granted. There appear to  
have been no steps taken under this order. The  
second term of the court is now in session,  
no process against petitioner has been is-  
sued, none has been served, nor has he ever  
waived such process and its service except in  
the one instance as to a rule nisi, mentioned  
above, and by that he believes he is not bound.  
In none of the orders passed after January  
26 was it provided that the same was to  
be without prejudice to the order of January 26.  
Petitioner insists that the subsequent action of  
the parties and courts displaced the order of  
January 26th, and he now moves to dismiss the  
case because of all the matters above  
stated.

"Afterwards several parties plaintiff were  
added, and among them was the First  
National bank of Little Rock. It was made  
a party on the 22d of February. On the 18th  
of April, 1889, L. H. Root, president  
of said bank went before  
Justice Pat H. Owens, of Fulton county, and  
on his affidavit obtained two warrants for  
petitioner. One was for embezzlement, and the  
affidavit on which it was based charged that  
petitioner did fraudulently take, secret, and  
steal \$4,799.74, the property of said bank.  
The other warrant was for larceny after trust, and  
the affidavit on which it was founded  
charged that petitioner fraudulently collected,  
converted to his own use, and failed to account  
for the property of which he had been  
trustee, with the collection of which he had been  
trustee. The property referred to in these  
warrants constituted part of the assets em-  
braced in the order of January 26th above  
mentioned. When the receiver demanded  
the assets of petitioner, when the order was  
made to deliver them to the receiver,  
and ever since that time, and now,  
petitioner did not have, has not  
had, and does not now have possession  
of custody or control of said assets. It is not in  
his power to produce them. To discover to  
the court what was done with said assets  
would furnish evidence tending to convict  
him of a crime, and would furnish evidence  
tending to support the prosecution already  
commenced against him by said warrants. He  
claims he is protected from doing this by the  
constitution and laws of the state.

"In consideration of the promise petitioner  
prays as follows: That he be allowed to appear as  
a party defendant in said case for the pur-  
pose of moving to dismiss the same, and for  
the purpose of this application to have all  
orders affecting him modified and revoked and  
his discharge from prison ordered. He refers  
to all the record in said case, and asks to be  
allowed to use it in support of this petition."

The above is a history of the  
case from its inception, with the arguments  
advanced by Mr. Tolleson's counsel  
for his release. Next Sunday Judge  
Clarke will pass upon it.

Mr. Tolleson, as well as his attorneys, is  
confident that he will be released, at least  
under the charges as they now exist.

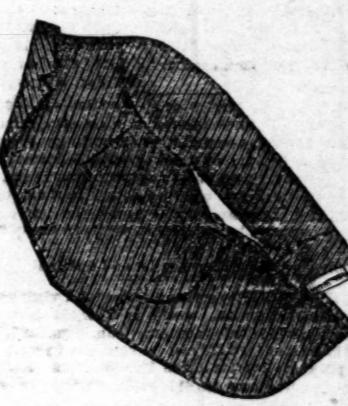
Each word is a particularly brilliant jewel  
of Truth, worthy of strict heed. Expensive  
material and gorgeous lining don't keep a  
suit from looking dowdy or foppish. There  
must be taste and skill to direct the fingers  
that seek to give it tone and grace, or  
there will be no spirit or style. The  
attainment of perfection in Clothing rests  
almost entirely upon attention to details. The  
stuff when selecting, the curves when cutting,  
the taste when trimming, the stitches when  
sewing. These are the primary elements  
that make correct suits. Most men in Atlanta  
know we never slight either of those  
rudimentary virtues. Details have our daily  
thoughts. We never realized their importance  
more than we do now. Can't take time  
to stop at the counters. You must take the  
treasures for granted. Our store is modern  
and convenient, and we'll not be outdone in  
courtesy to customers, low prices, good qualities  
or assortment.

BAKING POWDER  
ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of pure  
minerals. More economical than the  
ordinary kinds, and equal in  
quality to alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans  
at wholesale by H. C. Boston and Sons, 106 Wall St., New York.

CLOTHING.

HE CUTAWAY  
SUIT IS ADAP-  
TED TO GREAT  
A VARIETY  
OF OCCASIONS  
THAN ANY  
OTHER STYLE.  
GOOD USAGE  
APPROVES AND  
ITS NEATNESS  
COMBINES IT  
FOR NEARLY  
ALL SOCIAL AF-  
FAIRS FOR  
THE THEATRE,  
FOR CALLS,  
FOR CHURCH  
AND FOR THE  
STREET. THE  
CUTAWAY SUIT  
OF FINE DARK  
MATERIAL EN-  
TIRELY PRO-  
PER.



AND BECAUSE OF THIS POPULARITY IS OUR  
STOCK OF THAT STYLE SUITS SO COMPLETE  
SO HANDSOME AS TO SATISFY THE MOST EX-  
ACTING.

ONE PRICE. PLAIN FIGURES.

A. Rosenfeld & Son,  
24 Whitehall, corner Alabama.

MCKELDIN & CARLTONS



\$3 SHOE!

Made of Best Domestic Calf,  
Flint stone white oak soles.  
Free from tacks and threads  
that hurt the foot and wear out  
the socks.

ALL STYLES!  
Button, Lace or Congress.  
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.

We plagiarize a sentence from the Sartorial  
Art Journal, remarkable for its length and  
valuable for its wisdom:

One great mistake men in business frequently make, is  
after they have made a good reputation, and built up a  
profitable trade, to let up on their watchfulness of details,  
and lazily trust to subordinates that supervision of details  
which they had previously exercised themselves.

Each word is a particularly brilliant jewel  
of Truth, worthy of strict heed. Expensive  
material and gorgeous lining don't keep a  
suit from looking dowdy or foppish. There  
must be taste and skill to direct the fingers  
that seek to give it tone and grace, or  
there will be no spirit or style. The  
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to stop at the counters. You must take the  
treasures for granted. Our store is modern  
and convenient, and we'll not be outdone in  
courtesy to customers, low prices, good qualities  
or assortment.

12 WHITE  
HALL



## CHANGES IN THE CHURCH.

THE COMING SESSION OF THE NORTH GEORGIA CONFERENCE,

And What It Will Bring Forth—Who Will Succeed Dr. Lee, and Where Will He Go?—Gossip About Other Possible Changes.

Where will Dr. Lee go? and Who will be Trinity's next pastor?

Are two questions which are just now being asked by the members of that church.

The coming North Georgia conference will make some interesting and important changes, the most important to Atlanta being that in the Trinity pastorate. Dr. Lee, who has for four years been one of Atlanta's most popular, as well as one of her most prominent divines, has been here as long as the canons of the church permit, and will at their conference be sent to another charge. Another minister must be chosen to take his place, and many people outside of the congregation are anxious to know who that new minister will be.

Then, too, other important changes are to be made—changes in which people in all the churches of the conference are interested.

Dr. Haygood's transfer to the conference of north Alabama will be read at this session of the north Georgia conference. The announcement of this change has been made by the newspapers, but the official notification comes to the conference. Dr. Haygood's prominence in the church, and his work in Georgia, make this change one of the greatest importance.

He has gone to Sheffield to be at the head of the girl's industrial college, to be established there under the auspices of the church. This is one of the most important educational movements which the south has known, and while the people of Georgia are sorry to lose Dr. Haygood, they are glad that this great movement is in the hands of such a man. Everybody who knows Dr. Haygood, and the thousands of others who have learned to admire him for his work, will wish him God speed in his new field.

And now about the Atlanta churches.

Dr. Morrison has another year to serve at the First church and will, of course, be sent back to his present charge. He is recognized as one of the strongest men in the southern church, and is loved and admired by every member of his congregation. There will be no change in this church, therefore, until the end of another year.

But Trinity is not so fortunate. Dr. Lee, as has been said, is to be transferred to another charge and his successor here is to be chosen.

Of course no official intimation of the changes to be made can be obtained, but it is thought that Dr. Lee will go either to Augusta or Athens. Both are fine parishes and it is understood that the congregations of both churches are anxious to receive the services of this able and earnest divine.

Two Georgia ministers are talked of for Trinity and there is talk of a transfer from some other conference. The two Georgians are Rev. John B. Robbins, of Elberton, and Rev. W. D. Anderson, of Athens. Both are prominent men, known throughout the state for their ability and zeal in church work. The talk of a transfer from some other conference is coupled with several names, but no one in particular.

There will be no changes in the presiding elders of the North Atlanta and South Atlanta districts, Rev. W. F. Glenn and Rev. W. W. Wadsworth being reappointed.

An interesting change will be that of Rev. Simon Peter Richardson from the presiding eldership of the Athens district. He is one of the most unique figures in Georgia Methodism and will, it is thought, go to some other district.

Walker Street church will lose Rev. H. J. Ellis, who has for four years labored earnestly in the interest of that people. He is a man of very decided ability and is greatly beloved by his people. Dr. J. F. Mixon, who has been one of the greatest successes in the conference, will be changed from Edgewood and will, it is supposed, be made presiding elder of some district.

At West End Park church, Rev. A. G. Wardlaw, one of the rising young men of the state, has been chosen to be pastor. He has done good work and is likely to keep that position. M. L. Underwood has accomplished a great work among the people of St. Paul's and in the portion of the city tributary thereto. He will be told to continue that good work. The same message will be sent to Rev. A. W. Williams now at Payne's chapel, who has, in his year's pastorate there, shown his ability.

There will, however, be a great many changes in all parts of the conference, and the action of that body at its meeting at Cedarwood on December 1st will be watched for with great interest.

LEMON ELIXIR.

Its Wonderful Effect on the Liver, Stomach,

Bile, Kidneys &amp; Bladder.

Dr. Morley's Lemon Elixir is a pleasant lemon drink that positively cures all Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, all Sick and Nervous Headaches, Kidney Disease, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Fevers, Chills, Palpitation, Heart and all other diseases caused by disorder in the Liver, Bladder, kidneys, the first great cause of all fatal diseases 50 cents. and \$1 per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by H. Morley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Lemon Hot Drops.

For coughs and colds take Lemon Ho.

For sore throat and bronchitis take Lemon Ho.

For pneumonia and laryngitis take Lemon Ho.

For hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases take Lemon Ho.

An elegant and valuable preparation, 25 cents. a bottle at druggists. Prepared only by H. Morley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

TIME.

TO CHICAGO, THE NORTH AND NORTHWEST.

The Quickest and Best Schedules, via Louisville and Cincinnati Ever in Service, Announced by the Pennsylvania Lines.

Under the Schedules in effect November 10th, the Northern train service of the Pennsylvania Lines will be as follows:

CINCINNATI, FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA PASSENGER STATION.

The Fast Northern Express will leave at 7:45 a. m. and arrive at 3 p. m., carrying passenger coaches and a Pullman parlor car.

The Chicago Night Express will leave at 7:30 p. m. and arrive Chicago at 7:45 a. m., carrying passenger coaches and a Pullman sleeping car.

VIENNA, FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA PASSENGER STATION.

The Fast Northern Express will leave at 7:30 a. m. and arrive Chicago at 5 p. m., carrying passenger coaches and a Pullman parlor car.

The Chicago Night Express will leave at 10 p. m. and arrive Chicago at 7:45 a. m., carrying passenger coaches and a Pullman sleeping car.

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VIENNA, FROM THE PENNSYLVAN



## BEGUILLED BY DESPERADOES

AN ATLANTA GENTLEMAN AMONG MEXICAN THIEVES.

An Obliging Stranger Steers Him Into the Robber's Den—A Fortune Escape—His Thrilling Experience.

"I left El Paso, Texas, one lovely morning in May," said a well-known Atlanta gentleman, "on the cars for Paso del Norte, Mexico, to visit the old and quaint cathedral there. I had been having some misgivings in my mind respecting this. This treatment; but both have physicians as instructors in this new practice. By A. West King, Advocate.

The famous Manuel

is selling at the

lived a fine life in

which he is making

but he is not

stands the Powers

is growing in

and the

modious floor over

a large quanti-

tity of steel in

and sold. Mr. Cross,

manufacturer, has

and the public

## BUY BURGLARS.

A NUMBER OF CHILDREN WHO ARE IN BULW COUNTY JAIL.

Cliff Farris Tells How He Became Identified With the Gang of Thieves That Has Infested the City.

There are a number of boy prisoners in Fulton county jail.

Among them is little Cliff Farris, who tells a remarkable story of his short career of crime. Cliff between nine and ten years of age, and two years ago the boy was selling newspapers.

Becoming acquainted with a gang of bad boys, Cliff decided that he could make money by some method easier than selling papers.

Cliff's first raid was on a mill, located on Young street, and he stole a lot of sacks. He was arrested for that and sent to jail. Cliff is a small boy, but he is a fighter, and he crawled through one of the pipes of the heating apparatus. After his escape, Cliff stole a ride on a freight train to Chattanooga, and after remaining there a week, stole a ride back home and was arrested in a short while after his arrival. He was released on account of his youth.

The next time that he entered was J. J. Falvey's, and the boy was caught a second time, but released for lack of a prosecutor. After his release from custody he behaved very well until a few days ago.

THE LAST CRIME.

Cliff was caught in the act of robbing the home of J. M. High, a few days ago. He was again arrested and is now in jail.

Will and Ed McEwen were both arrested at the same time and on the same charge.

Cliff's mother has been dead ever since he was five years old. She was a widow and went to Birmingham a few weeks ago. He has taken no interest in the boy except to offer to pay his way to Birmingham in the event of his release.

Cliff has a step-mother, and she never got along with the boy. That is why Cliff has gone wild. He claims that he has never run with the gang, but he has been identified with the Bone and McEwen boys in their rascality.

A FALE-FACED BOY.

Ed McEwen is only held for somebody to come and claim him in an attempt to get him to tell who he has been connected with. Cliff and the others in the stealing scrape, it was ordered that he be released. The order was not heeded, as there was an order passed to have him held until he could be bound out to some responsible party. It appears that the order was issued by entirely forgetting the pale faced boy, and he remains a prisoner of Fulton county jail with no charge whatever against him. He has been in jail so long that he seems to feel perfectly at home.

FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Another criminal prisoner is Joe Pratt, a small sized boy, of fourteen, who was sent to jail for contempt of court.

Joe seems to take his imprisonment cheerfully, but he longs for the free air once more, after his long imprisonment.

He was sent to the stocks for three and a half days for drunkenness, being unable to tell who gave him some liquor to get drunk on.

Joe served his time out, but was rearrested and sent to jail, two months ago, for contempt of court, in not answering the question.

Joe says he carried a drummer's satchel for him, and that the drummer gave him the licks, and that he got out of jail.

He says that he has never been able to identify the man who gave him the whisky, although he has been punished severely because he cannot recall the name or face of the man who got him into the trouble.

Joe has now an example-widowed mother, and she is unable to do anything for her boy.

IN JAIL INDEFINITELY.

Albert Ball, a little coal-black negro, seems to be in jail for an indefinite term. He is only six or seven years old, and was arrested with a gang of thieves by Gen. Couch some time ago.

Two months ago the other boys were tried and convicted, but this little fellow was overlooked or forgotten. He remains in jail without charge or anything else, except the simple forgetfulness of the officials.

Another little boy, who is kept behind the bars to be tried at some future time, is a strange, sad sight to go to the jail and see these little fellows who appear to have passed beyond the pale of humanity, and are turned over to the bad without trial.

Possibly the grand jury will investigate the matter when it meets again.

Complete and Permanent.

In the early part of last year I had a violent attack of rheumatism, from which I was confined to my bed for months, and was unable to turn myself in bed, or even to rise the second night. I was so weak that what little nourishment I had to take I had to take in liquid form. I was in constant agony, and sleep was entirely out of the question, except when I was under the influence of opiates.

All I was calling in the best local physicians, and trying all other medicines without receiving any benefit. I was induced by friends to try Swift's Specie (S. S.) I discontinued all other medicines, and the disease was entirely removed, and I am now in perfect health.

It is a specific for all diseases, and is safe, which effected a complete and permanent cure.

L. C. BASSETT, El Dorado, Kansas.

A Eating Sor.

M. C. B. McElroy, a prominent and influential citizen of El Dorado, Texas, writes under date of August 23, 1889, as follows:

"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, and the sore continued growing worse. I finally tried S. S. and was entirely cured after using a few bottles.

You have my cheerful permission to publish the above, for the benefit of all who are suffering from this disease."

G. C. McLEOD, Henderson, Texas.

Treatment on Blood and Skin diseases mafed free.

SWIFT'S SPECIE CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SENT FREE

Sample Wall Paper, with prices and book on how to apply it.

M. M. MAUCK, Atlanta, Ga.

An Old Nurse for Children. Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children's teething. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Prof. Joshua C. Chamberlain, LL. D., president of Bowdoin College, etc., says the American Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica is an indispensable companion to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Smile Again on Me! signed Tom to his beloved. He knew not what gave her such a chan in his eyes. Her teeth, preserved by SOZODON, which she had used from girlhood, did his business. She held her love by virtue of SOZODON.

Indigestion radically cured by the use of Dr. J. G. B. Seigert & Sons. Procured of all druggists.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. "Pre-eminent by the best" — Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

3 New 4 Room Cottages for \$2,650, renting at \$20 per month. Sam'l W. Goode & Co.

The Confederate Veterans Fund That Excites Contests.

Referring to an article in a late issue of The Constitution, we submit, without comment, the following certificates from Mr. George Truitt, Troup county's principal farmer and Rev. H. A. DeLoach, of the Troup County Agricultural Association, of this city, both of whom are widely known as gentlemen of the highest character.

"In justice to the Southern Farm Tool Co. of Atlanta, I am one of the judges in a contest between the Duplex and a competing feed mill, which took place at the Piedmont exposition on November 1st, 1889, and that with sizes of mills and everything else, the Duplex would have given equally as good results as its competitor."

—GEORGE TRUITT.

"As one of the judges in the above contest, I affirm that with speed, size of mill and other conditions equal, the Duplex would have given better results than its competitor."

—H. A. DELOACH.

Tiedmont Park, November 2d, 1889.

These statements stand to smother.

Southern Farm Tool Co.

Beyond Comparison.

The only complete lines of spectacles, eyeglasses, longwrist, gold eyeglasses, chain, pearl cases and other optical goods at Hawkes' optical depot, No. 125 Peachtree Street.

## CHURCH CHIMES.

Services That Will Be Conducted Today in the Various Temples.

METHODIST.

First Methodist—Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D., pastor. At 10:45 a.m.—a special sermon by the pastor to the Young People. Chimes will be rung on the young men of Atlanta. Services at 7:30 p.m. by Dr. L. S. Hopkins. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m.

Marietta Street Mission—Sunday school 9:30 a.m. Jno. F. Barley, superintendent. Services tonight conducted by Dr. J. N. Cook. Everybody invited.

Merritt Avenue—Rev. John A. Reynolds, pastor. Preaching today at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor.

Walton Street Methodist—Rev. H. J. Ellis, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. A. G. Wardlaw, and at 7 p.m. by the pastor. Sabbath school 9:30 a.m. Willis A. King, superintendent. The last quarterly conference of the church will be held at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, and a prayer meeting at 7 p.m. on Wednesday.

Second Baptist church—Rev. Henry McDonald, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor.

Chinese class—Rev. J. B. Hawthrone, D. D., pastor. Chinese class at 4 p.m. Young men's meeting at 7:30 p.m. Monday. Prayer and lecture meeting at 8 p.m. Monday.

Second Baptist church—Rev. A. G. Wardlaw, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Chinese class meeting at 8 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

Third Baptist church—Rev. A. H. Mitchell, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. by the pastor. Both sermons to be on behalf of young men. They are invited to the services.

Fourth Baptist church—Rev. W. C. Norcross, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor.

First Baptist church—Rev. J. B. Hawthrone, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Chinese class meeting at 8 p.m. Young men's meeting at 7:30 p.m. Monday. Prayer and lecture meeting at 8 p.m. Monday.

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